

G.
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BIG G. I. JOE CONTEST WINNERS

No. 24 **10¢**
AUGUST

G.I. Joe



More Letters for G. I.'s ...
G. I. JOE'S PEN PALS

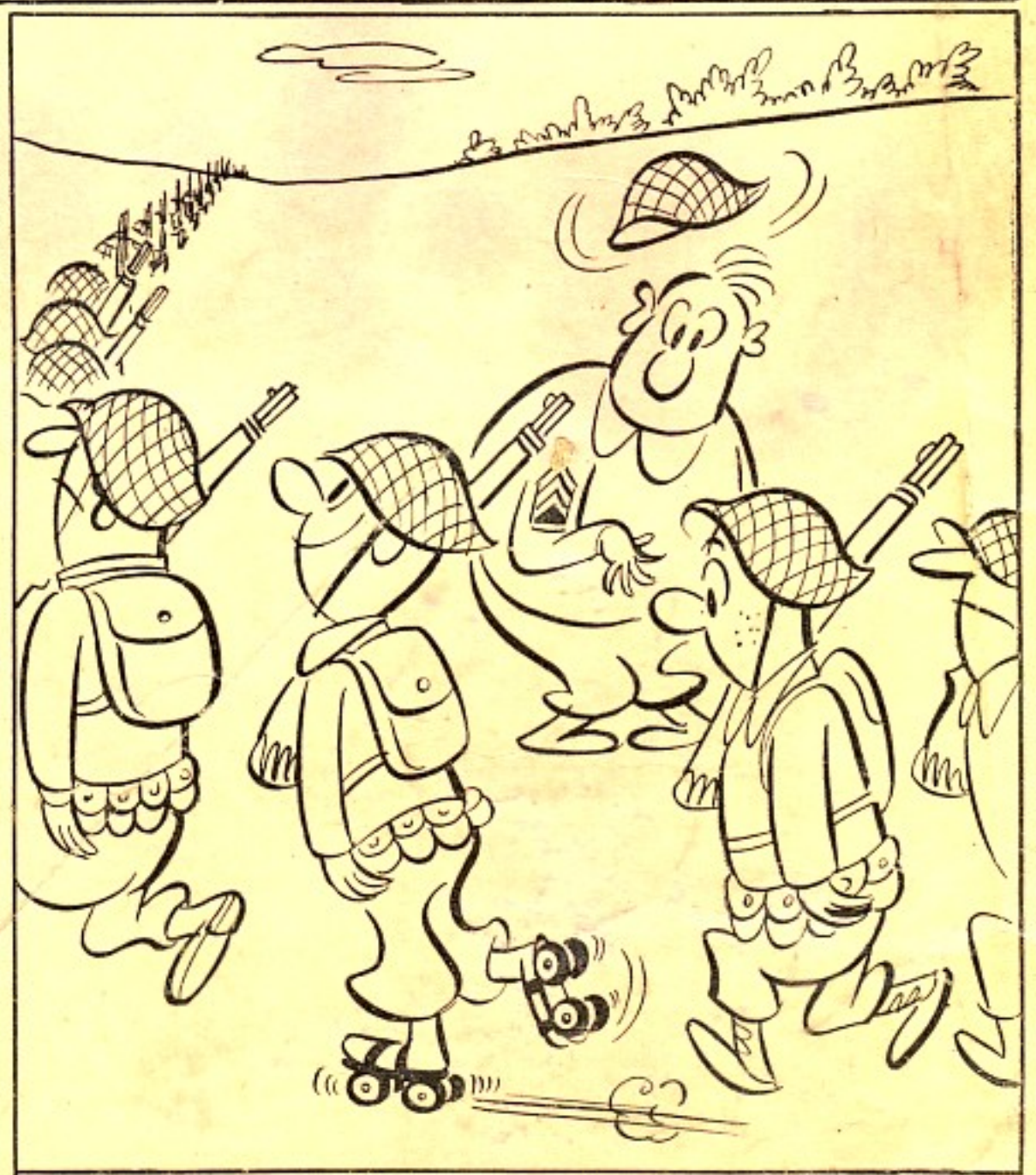
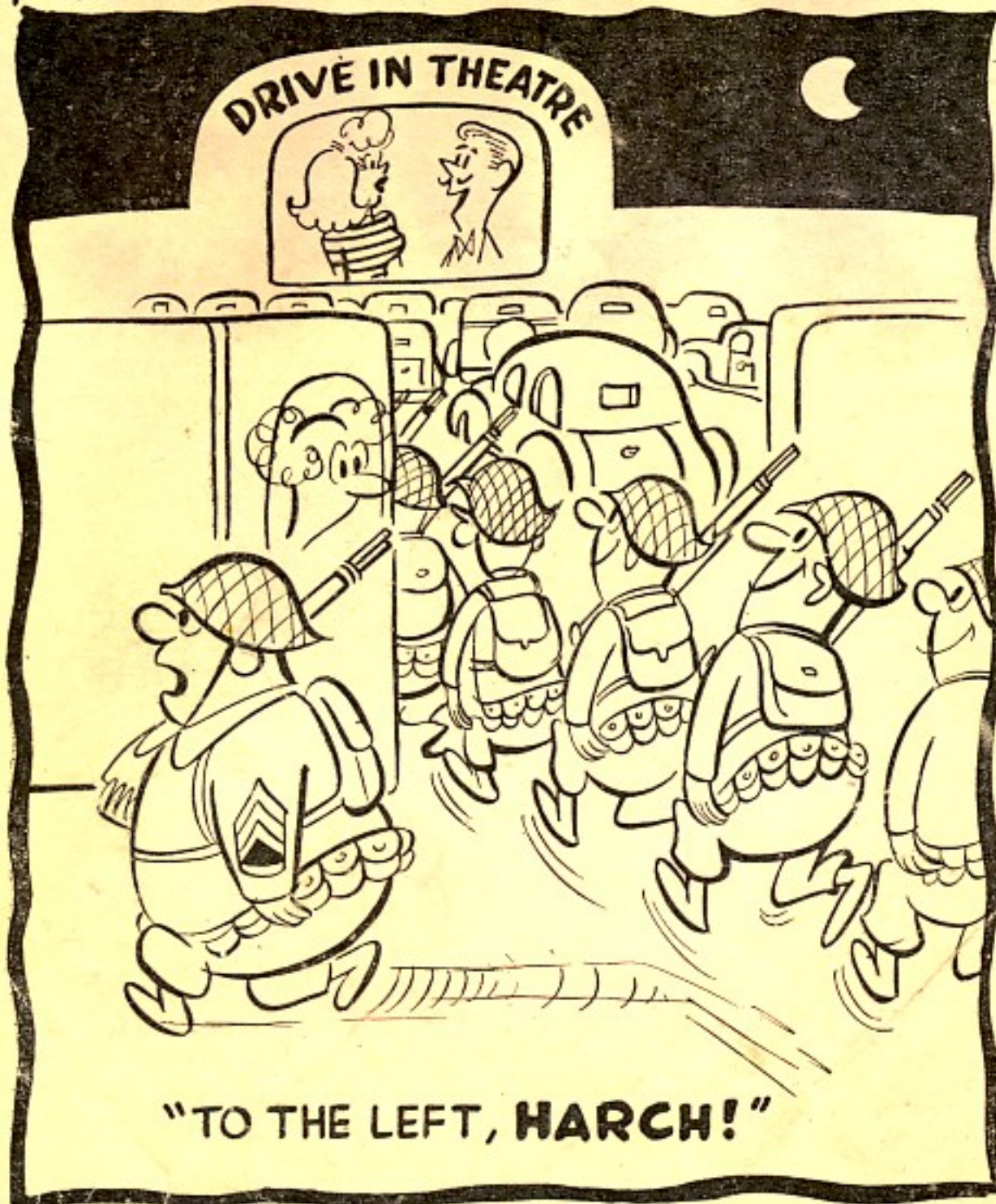


The Yardbirds in OPERATION 'OPERATION' • BARNEY and the BUZZ BOMB



WEB COMIC
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HIKING CAN BE FUN



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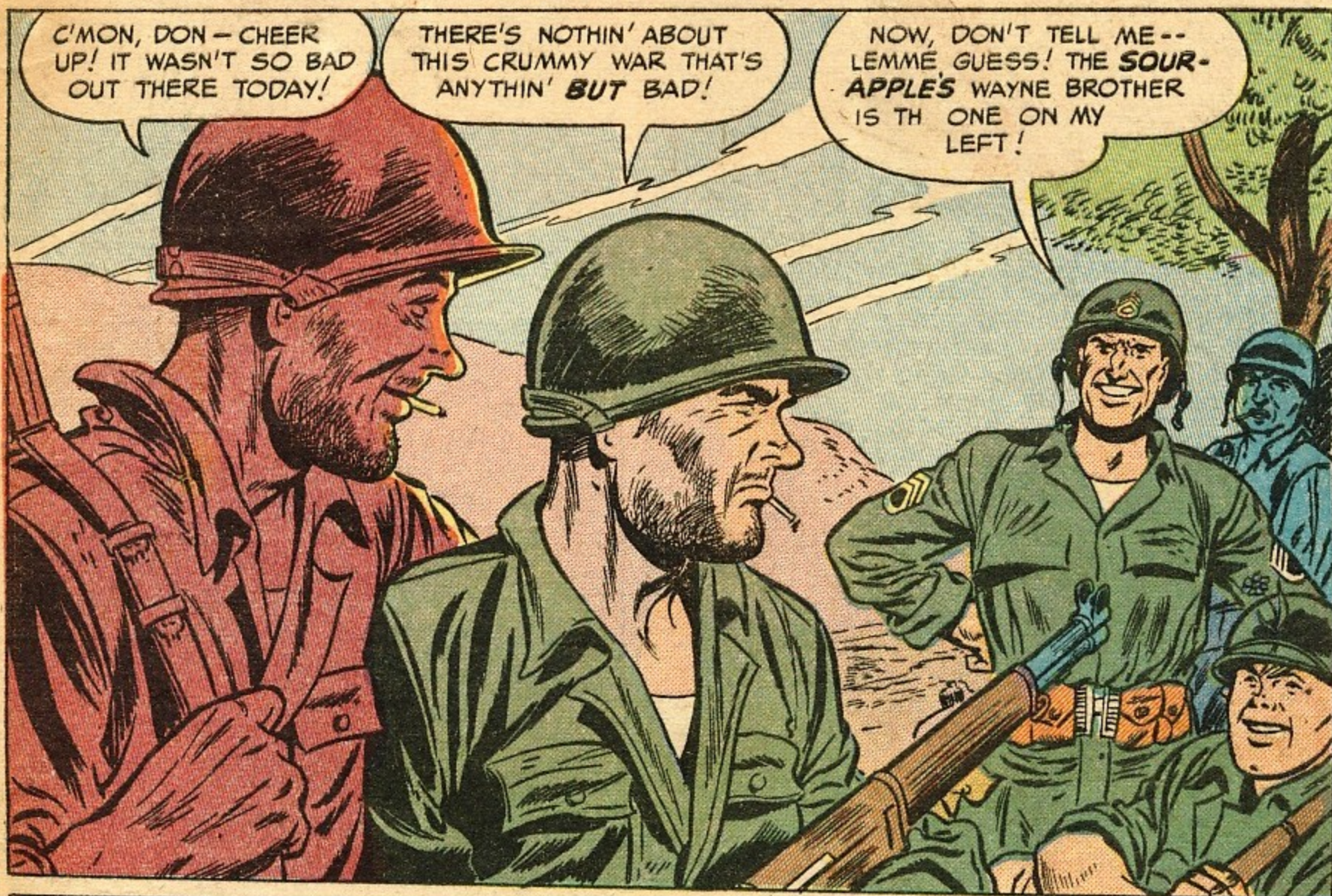
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G.I. Joe

in

The OLDER BROTHER

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY THE MEN OF "BAKER" COMPANY WERE ABLE TO TELL THE WAYNE TWINS APART. DON, THE OLDER OF THE TWO BROTHERS BY EIGHT MINUTES, WAS A **GRIPER**—A REAL CHAMP IN HIS FIELD! TIM, LIKED BY ALL, TOOK THINGS IN HIS EASY-GOING STRIDE. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT IN ANYONE'S MIND AS TO WHICH TWIN IS WHICH. THEIR PLATOON HAS JUST COME IN FROM SCOUTING A RUGGED AREA...



THAT EVENING, AFTER CHOW...



"MOM HAD FIXED UP A SWELL PARTY FOR ME AND DON. A BIG CAKE — ALL THE TRIMMINGS..."

"THAT MAY SOUND STRANGE TO YOU, JOE — BUT I NEVER MINDED. MOM ALWAYS LIT THE CANDLES AGAIN AND I'D MAKE A WISH, TOO..."



"I DIDN'T NEED MY WISH. NOT WITH A MOM AND BROTHER LIKE MINE..."



NEXT MORNING — MAIL CALL...

BUT--IT-IT'S FROM YOUR MOM! WHY WON'T DON LET YOU READ IT, TIM?

IT WASN'T ADDRESSED TO US BOTH, JOE, JUST TO DON! FUNNY—SHE NEVER DID **THAT** BEFORE!



TIM MUST'VE BEEN RIGHT! YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND DON!

TAKE TEN FOR YOURSELF, TIM! I'LL HAVE THIS KNOCKED OFF IN NO TIME!



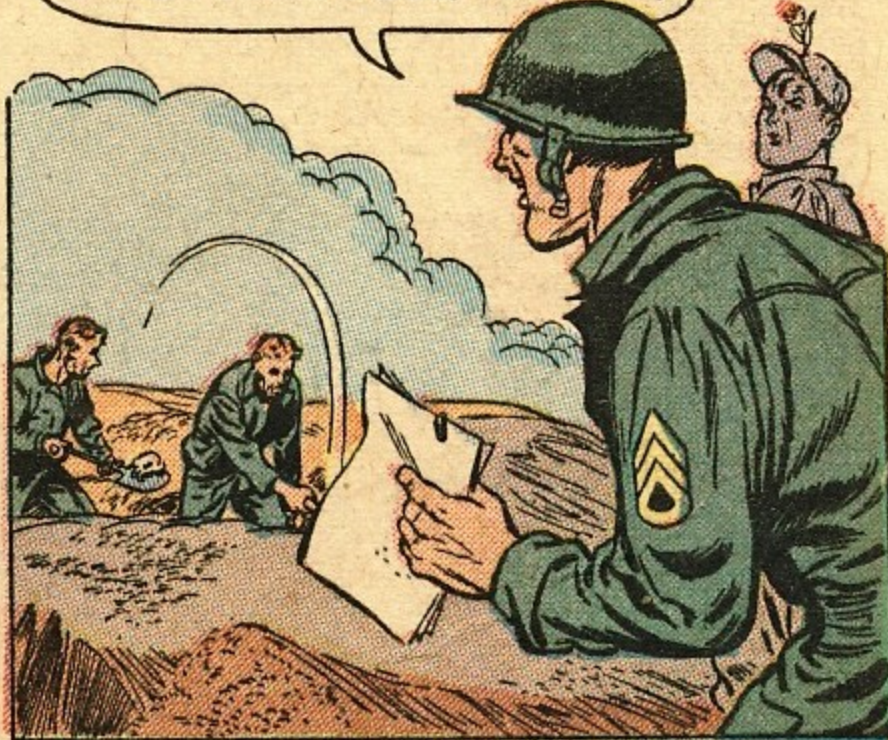
LATER THAT DAY...

HEY, BURCH--WANT ME TO TAKE OVER FOR YOU? YOU'VE BEEN DIGGIN' THERE LONG ENOUGH!

HUH?!



HEY, WHERE'S--**WHAT TH'-- BOTH WAYNE BROTHERS WORKIN'--AN' NO GRIPEs FROM **SOUR-APPLES!****



ONE O' YA BETTER GRAB THIS BEFORE I DROP FROM SHOCK! IT'S YER FURLOUGH!



TWO MEN CAN'T BE SPARED! ONLY **ONE** OF YA GETS T' GO HOME! THE LOOTENANT SAYS TO LEAVE IT TO **YOU** TO DECIDE WHICH GOES--AN' WHICH **STAYS!**



THAT PAPER SAYS
ONE WAYNE LEAVES
TOMORROW MORNIN'—
AN' THAT WAYNE'S
GONNA BE **YOU!**

OH, NO! **YOU'RE** THE
ONE WHO'S GOIN'!
YOU KNOW WHAT
THIS FURLOUGH
MEANS TO MOM!

SO HELP ME—
I CAN'T TELL
'EM APART
AGAIN!



ALL THROUGH THE REST OF THAT DAY...

YOU'RE DOIN'
LIKE I SAY, YOU
HEAR ME?

I **DON'T** HAVE TO DO LIKE
YOU SAY! **YOU'RE** GOIN'
HOME, I TELL YOU--AN'
THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!



YOU GUYS'LL HAVE TO SHELVE YER ARGUMENT!
HALF TH' COMPANY'S MAKIN' A PUSH FORWARD
TONIGHT! NOW, STARTIN' WITH **YOU**, LEMME
HEAR EVERY OTHER MAN SOUND OFF...

WAYNE!

CARPUCCIO!



THAT NIGHT, MINUTES BEFORE THE PUSH IS TO
START...

AN' JUST
WHERE DO YOU
THINK **YOU'RE**
GOIN'?

YOU HEARD THE ORDERS,
SAME AS I DID! **HALF** OF
US ARE MOVIN' UP! WE'RE--



HALF OF US IS RIGHT—
AN' **I'M THAT HALF!**
YOU'RE STAYIN' HERE!

YOU'RE NOT MIXIN' IT
UP WITH ANY REDS
TONIGHT! YOU'RE GOIN'
HOME IN THE MORNING!
NOW, IF YOU'LL GET OUT
OF MY WAY--



OKAY, CHUM, IF THAT'S
THE WAY YOU WANT IT—
HERE'S A **GOOD**
LUCK CHARM TO
TAKE WITH YOU!

BE SEEIN'
YOU...



AND SOON, ONE WAYNE BROTHER FINDS HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF A SAVAGE ENCOUNTER...



THIS IS HAND-TO-HAND, MEN! THROW THE BOOK AT 'EM!

A LONG TIME LATER, BACK AT CAMP...



WHAT TH'-- WHAT HIT ME? I-I'VE GOTTA BE MOVIN' UP...!

HEY-HOOSIER! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE--



YA MUST SLEEP LIKE A LOG, WAYNE! CAN'T Y'HEAR THE MEDICS BRINGIN' 'EM IN? WE NEVER TOOK HEAVIER LOSSES!

MEDICS...? LOSSES...? HOOSIER! WAIT!!



CAN'T! WHY DON'T YOU GET OVER HERE, WAYNE--OR ARE YA TOO SLEEPY TO HELP?



MY BROTHER! HAVE YOU SEEN MY BROTHER? HE WAS--



TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY. HERE'S ONE WE COULDN'T IDENTIFY. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK...

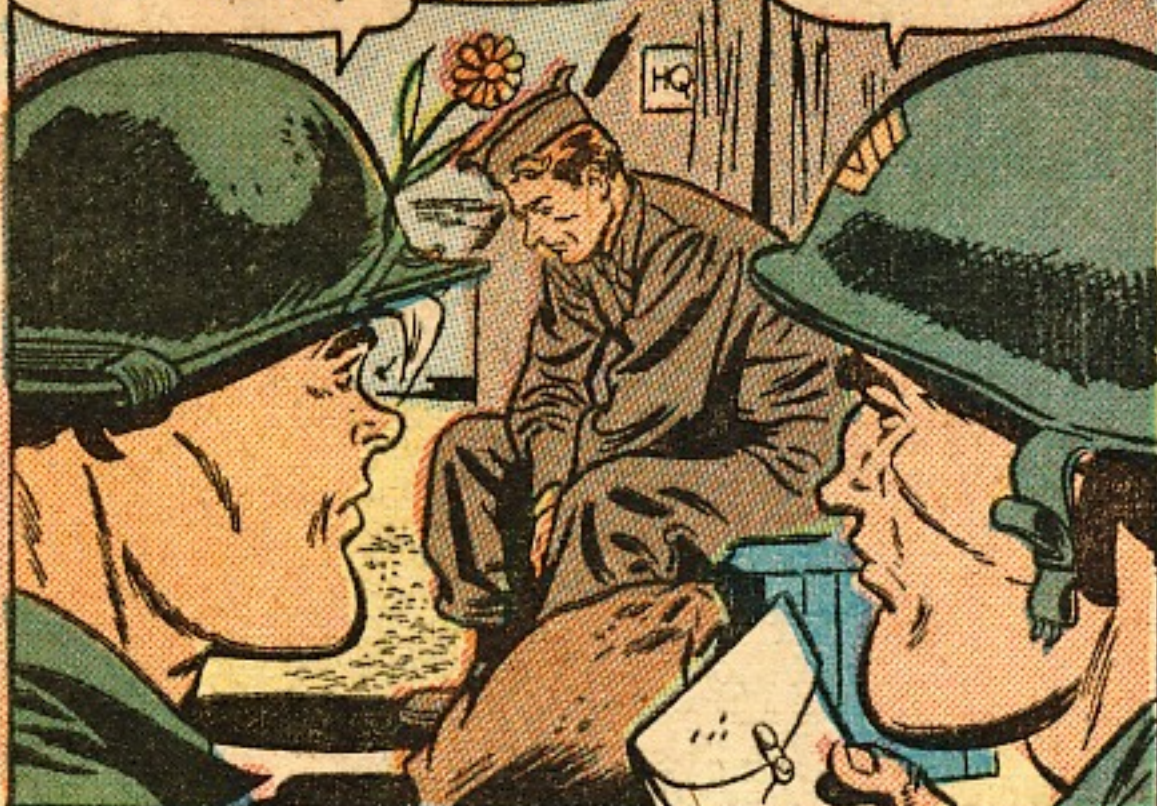
TH-THAT'S HIM...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A WORD OUT OF HIM, SARGE! NOT SINCE LAST NIGHT! I-I DON'T EVEN KNOW **WHICH** TWIN HE IS!

AN' I GOTTA GIVE 'IM THIS-- HIS BROTHER'S EFFECTS. I'D RATHER BE KICKED...

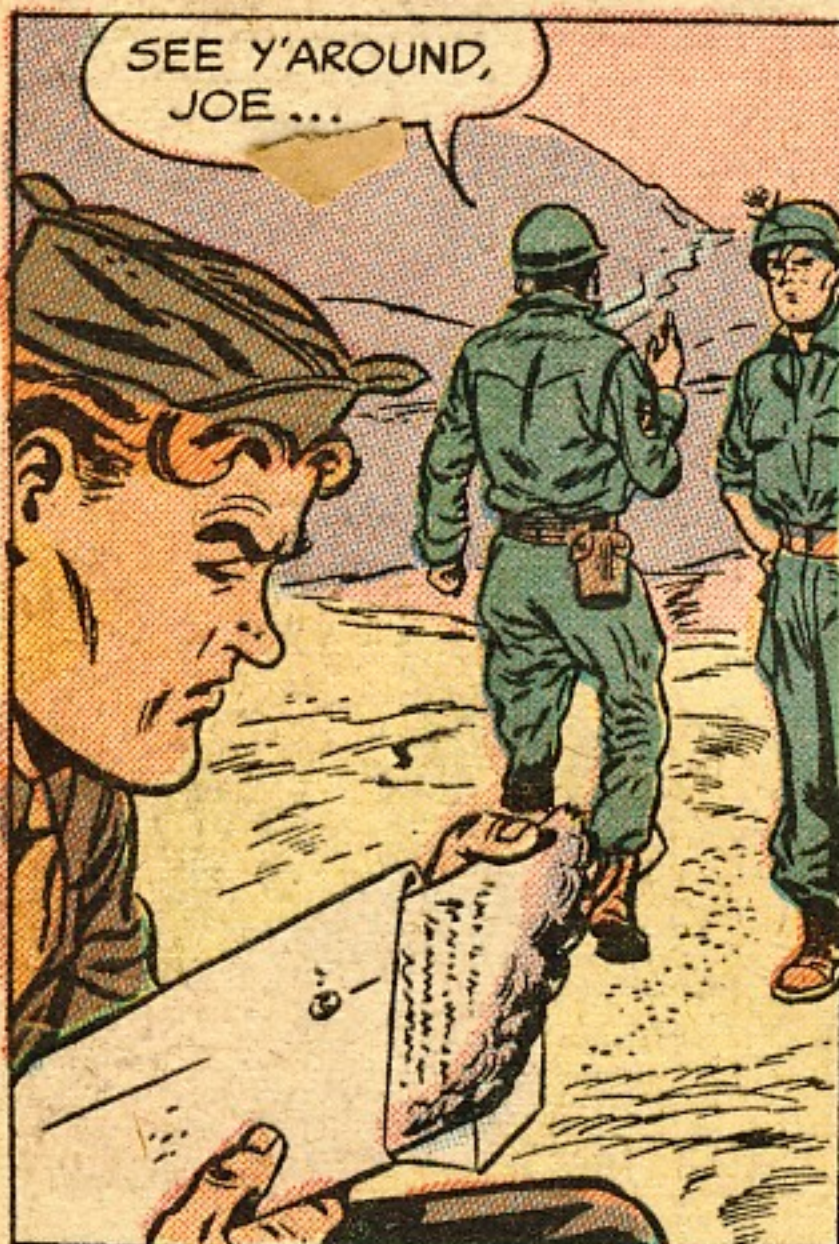


SORRY--ER--WAYNE... ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS. IT'S--WELL, WHATEVER'S IN IT WUZ YER BROTHER'S! THEY THOUGHT YOU OUGHTA--

THANKS...



SEE Y'AROUND, JOE...

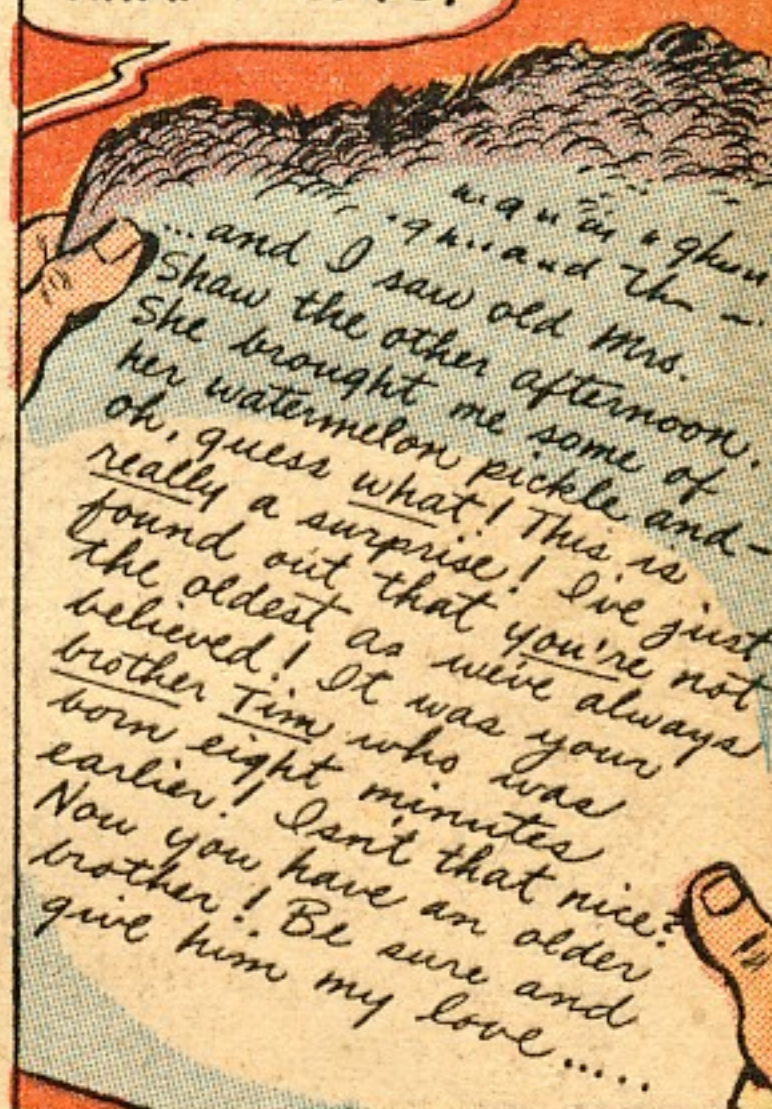


B-BUT IT CAN'T BE!

WHAT IS IT, WAYNE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?



READ IT, JOE! READ WHAT IT SAYS!



THAT'S YOUR MOM'S LETTER! THE ONE --

THE ONE **DON** WOULDN'T LET ME READ, JOE. I TOLD YOU HE WAS A RIGHT GUY! HE FIXED ME SO I COULDN'T GO LAST NIGHT! HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE --



HERE'S YOUR TRUCK, **TIM**! AN YOU **BET** **DON** WAS A RIGHT GUY! HE'S MADE SURE IT'S THE **OLDER BROTHER** GOIN' HOME! YOUR MOM'S GONNA BE MIGHTY PROUD-- YEP--MIGHTY PROUD!



THE END

RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY

"RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY," THE WORLD
AS THE SERVICEMAN SEES IT. A
SPECIAL G.I. JOE FEATURE.



"WHAT—NO NAPKINS?"



"YOU AND YOUR
SHORT CUTS!"



"DO YOU HAVE TO POP THAT GUM?
IT MAKES ME NERVOUS!"

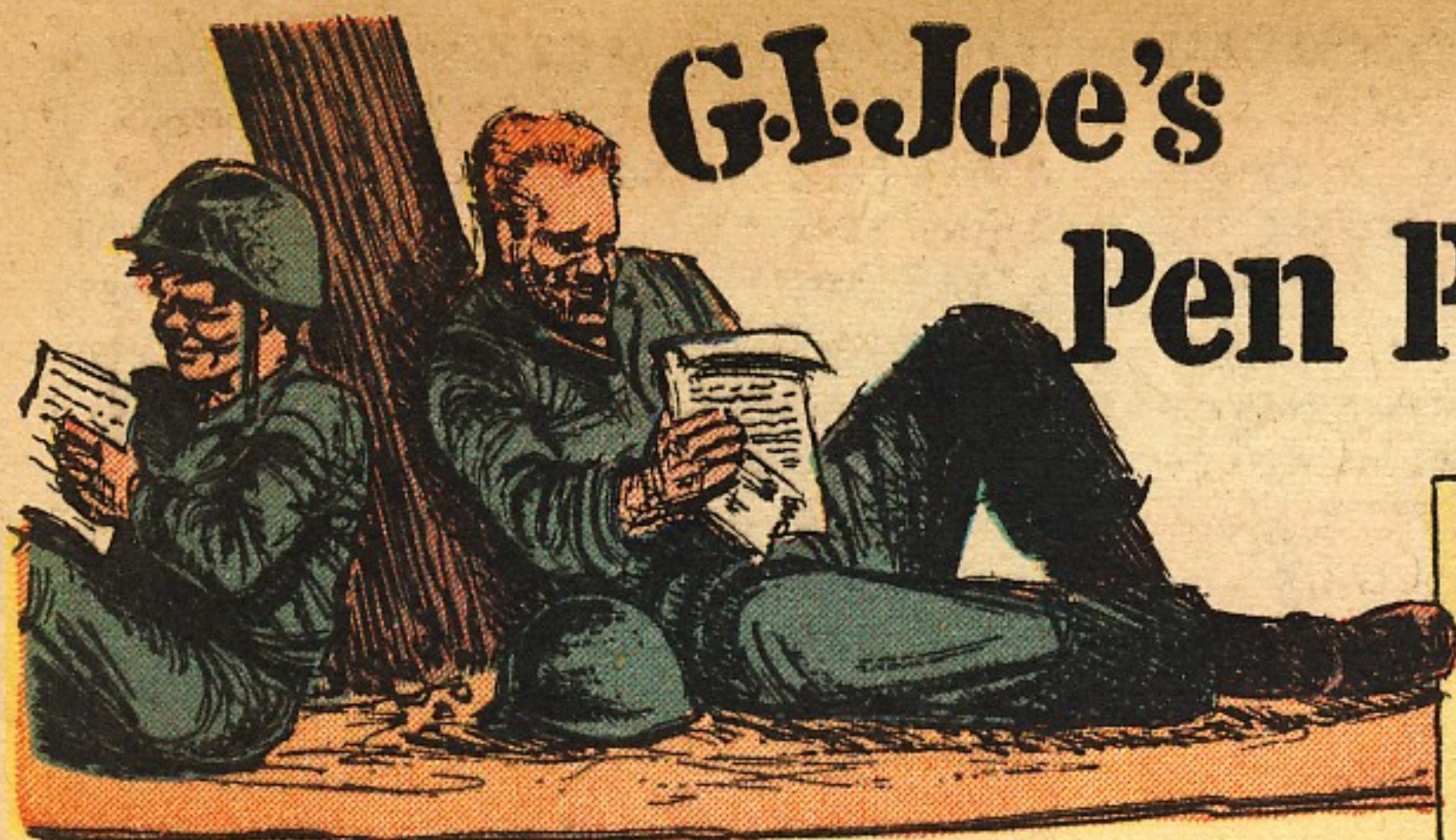


"IT'S YOUR TURN!"



"STOP FOLLOWING ME!"

G.I. Joe's Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S IN KOREA WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS **YOUR** PAGE. EVERY MONTH, LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN **G.I. JOE** ON THIS, OUR "PEN PALS" PAGE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

GENETTA BUIS, GENERAL DELIVERY, LARGO, FLORIDA... 16 years of age, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighs 134 pounds. Has gray eyes, blonde hair. Likes swimming, typing, writing and photography. She likes to be called "Jean." "I'll be waiting for a letter from you," she concludes.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY MAPLES, 5332 DELMAR, APT. B-1, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI... 23 years of age, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes. She is a long distance telephone operator in St. Louis. She loves her work. Dorothy writes: "I hope some lonely G.I....writes to me."

★ ★ ★

JOHN SYROID, 1048 KLING ST., AKRON 1, OHIO...would like to write to G.I.'s and do his best to cheer up a lonely soldier.

★ ★ ★

SHIRLEY SMITH, CRUMPTON, MARYLAND... 18 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Gray eyes, brown hair. She loves dancing and travel. Says she's strictly a small-town girl.

CAROL ANN TALTON, BOX 126, SIBLEY, LOUISIANA... 18 years of age, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, long blonde hair and brown eyes. Carol Ann writes. "I hope so...I love to write to our servicemen."

★ ★ ★

CLAIRE SEYMOUR, BERLIN ROAD, MARLBORO, MASS.... 18 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes. "I would like to get letters from the boys out there."

★ ★ ★

LUANNE KRAUSE, BOX E, BARK RIVER, MICHIGAN... 17 years old. Luanne writes: "I...would like some addresses...I think it is a wonderful thing to remember our boys who are defending us..."

★ ★ ★

MONTY BROKAW, 111 SOUTH LOCUST ST., MONTICELLO, IOWA... 17 years of age, black hair, blue eyes. Hobby—writing to pen pals. Has 20 pen pals. Loves to dance and go to the movies. Monty says: "I hope someone...will write...I enjoy getting letters."

MARILYN DORCSAK, 1834 BURS福德 ROAD, EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO... 20 years of age, 4 feet, 11 inches tall (wonders why everyone calls her "Tiny"). Weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. Has lived in Cleveland all her life, and has been a bookkeeper for two years. Favorite sports: Ice skating, hockey, baseball, swimming and bowling. Likes music and plays the piano. Will answer mail from G.I.'s.



SHIRLEY SANDRUS, 1015-17th PLACE N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.... 17 years old, brown eyes, dirty blonde hair. She likes to roller skate. Favorite sports: Baseball and football. "I enjoy writing, and I enjoy receiving mail too," Shirley writes.



MARY DERKOTCH, 208 WEST GEORGE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.... 18 years of age, weighs 115 pounds, stands 5 feet, 7 inches tall, brown hair and brown eyes. Would like to receive mail from G.I.'s.... will answer promptly. She would like the following questions answered: "Where do you come from? How old? How are things...out there?"



DORA ELLEN BURCHFIELD, C/O SONEY STEPP, INEZ, KENTUCKY... 16 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 96 pounds... brown hair and brown eyes and "quite a few freckles." Dora Ellen writes: "I hope you will answer this so I will have someone to write to."

SHIRLEY ANN WILLIAMS, P. O. BOX 6, CHUNCHULA, ALABAMA... 17 years of age, 4 feet, 11 inches tall, brown hair and brown eyes. "I...like everything most girls don't like. Football and every other kind of sport is just tops with me...I go on dates just like everybody else in our little 'one-horse' town. The town...is only made up of 5 stores, 2 churches, a community house and a post office...I want to get in your pen pal gang to be doing something."



BRUCE McALLISTER, QUALICUM BEACH, BRITISH COLUMBIA... is anxious to correspond with some G.I.'s. In this way, Bruce feels, he will be helping in his own little way.



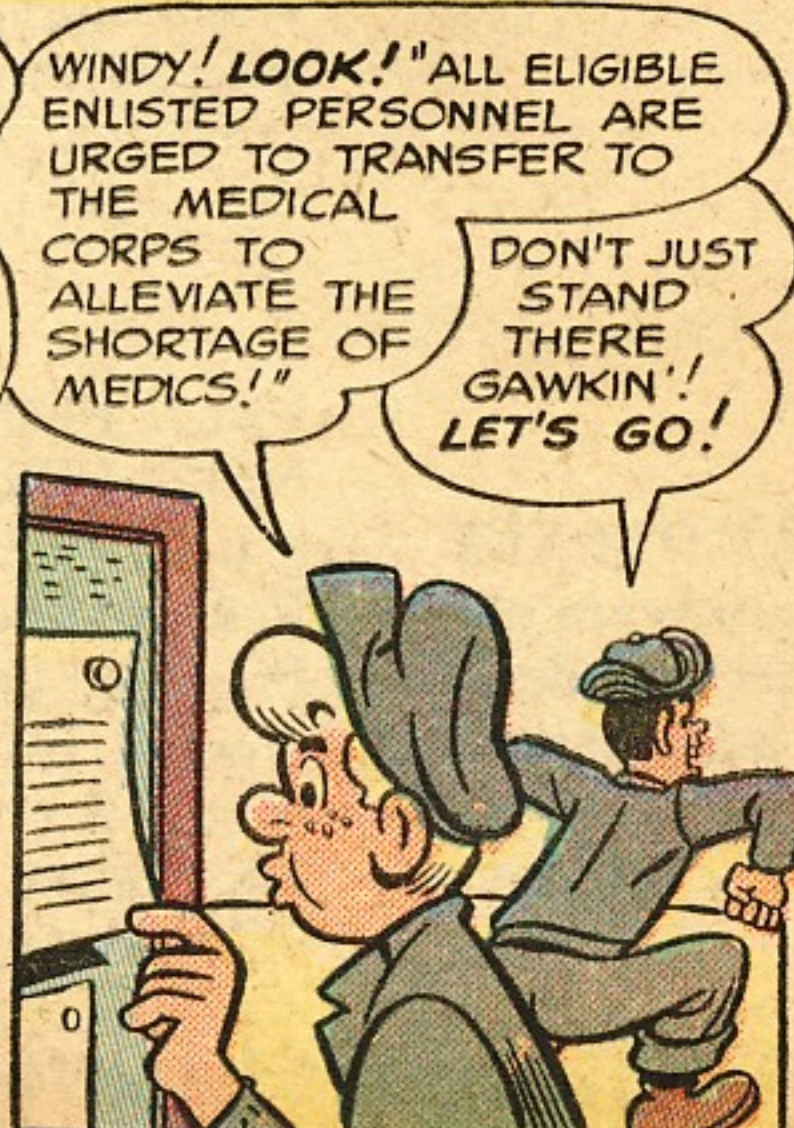
RITA ROY, 444 KETCHEN ST., TEMISKAMING, QUEBEC, CANADA... 16 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, 110 pounds...black wavy hair (shoulder length), dark complexion...Sports: Swimming, skating, hunting and fishing...Loves to collect pen pals...Is cheerleader for high school football team. Has two pets, a dog, "Buster," and a cat, "Fritz." Loves to travel. Has been to New York, Washington, D. C., Acapulco, Mexico, Trinidad, Baltimore, all the big cities in Canada.



FERN FLOREA, RURAL ROUTE 1, BONNERS FERRY, IDAHO... 18 years of age, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds. Reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. Hobbies: Singing, horseback riding, baseball and movies. Has 7 brothers and 3 sisters...2 brothers are in the Navy. Fern writes: "I know what letters mean to a person, so I'll try to write...pretty often."

This is your page—Send us your letters

The YARDBIRDS



INSIDE THE HOSPITAL...





MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL...





HEY!
THAT
HURT!!

SPLENDID,
SERGEANT!
THAT'S A
PERFECTLY
NORMAL REACTION!



HMM -- THE LAIG-
BONE SEEMS
PURTY
STRONG!

CRACK!



THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH THIS LEG,
ALL RIGHT! IT SHOULD
BE **BROKEN** BY NOW!

BLONK



THERE'S NO OTHER
WAY, SERGEANT!
WE'RE GONNA
HAVE TO
AMPUTATE!

UH... WELL...
COULD I HAVE
A LITTLE BITTY
ANAESTHETIC...
PLEASE?



AN **ANAESTHETIC?**
THAT WOULD
SPOIL THE
OPERATION!

SURE! YOU
WANNA SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON, DONCHA?

SAY WHEN,
DOC!



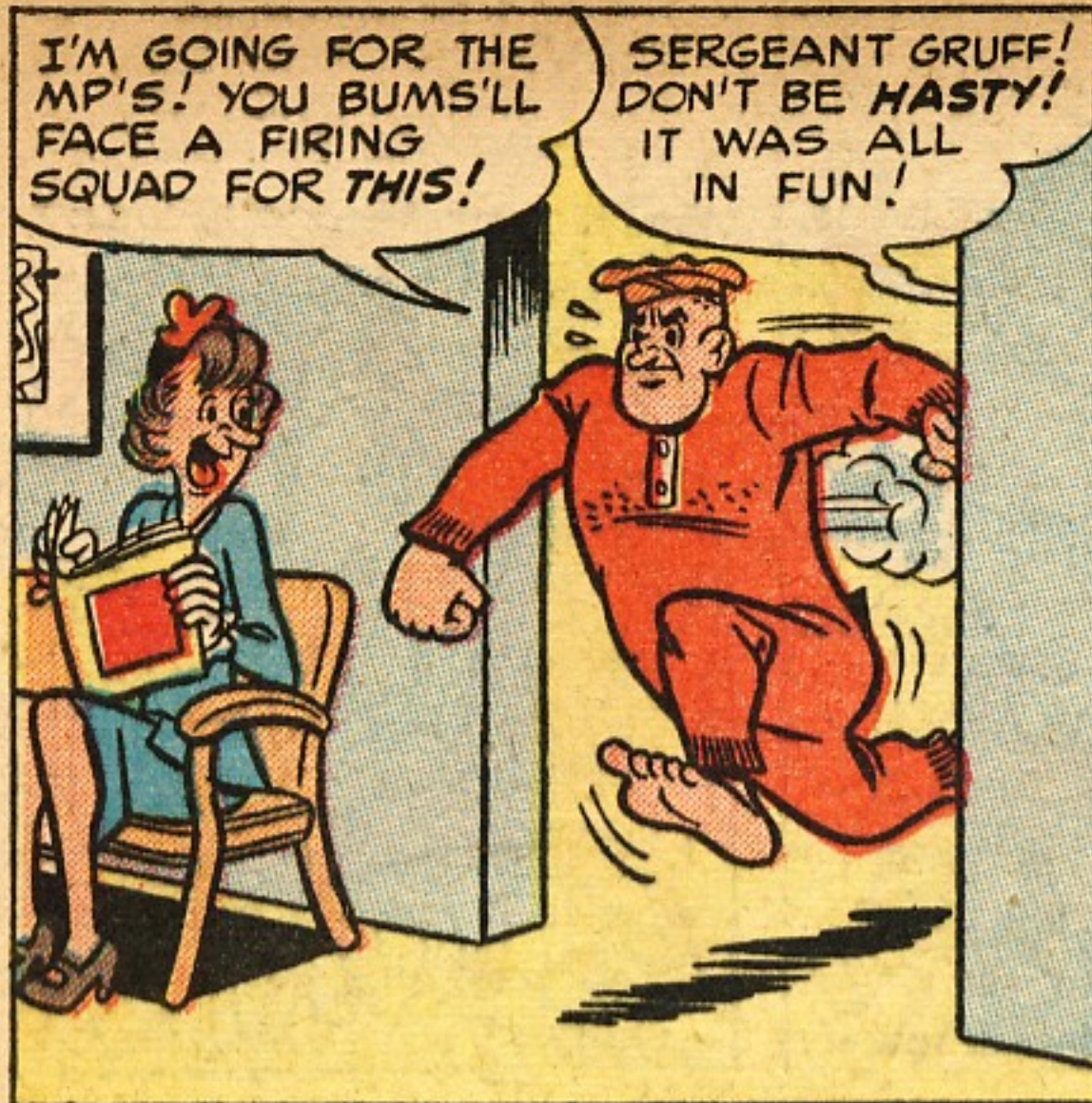
STOP -- YOU
BUTCHERS!

NOT SURGEONS?
LEMMIE
AT 'EM!

THESE MEN
AREN'T SURGEONS!



I MIGHTA KNOWN! **HICKS**
AND **BRAGG** -- THE **YARDBIRDS!**
YOU **MURDERERS** ARE
GONNA **PAY** FOR THIS!



I'M GOING FOR THE MP'S! YOU BUMS'LL FACE A FIRING SQUAD FOR *THIS*!

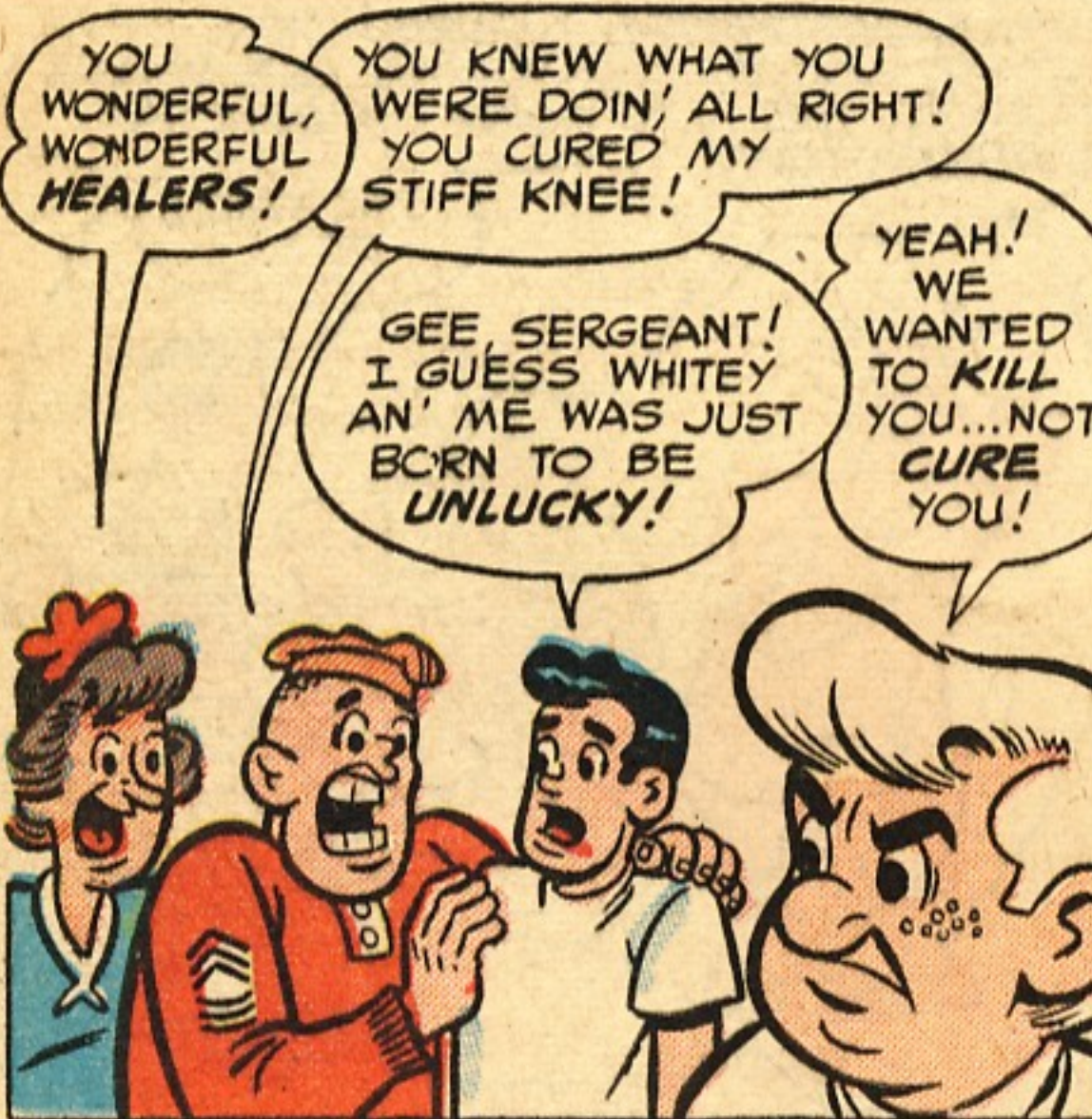
SERGEANT GRUFF! DON'T BE *HASTY*! IT WAS ALL IN FUN!



CASMIR! YOU'RE *CURED*! YOU'RE *RUNNING LIKE A GAZELLE*! WHAT WONDERFUL DOCTORS THE ARMY HAS!

IF YOU ONLY KNEW!

HUH? IT AIN'T STIFF NO MORE! IT'S A *MIRACLE*!



YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL *HEALERS*!

YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOIN', ALL RIGHT! YOU CURED MY STIFF KNEE!

GEE, SERGEANT! I GUESS WHITEY AN' ME WAS JUST BORN TO BE *UNLUCKY*!

YEAH! WE WANTED TO *KILL* YOU...NOT *CURE* YOU!



I HEARD ABOUT THESE TWO *MIRACLE MEN*, DOCTOR! STAND BACK, SIR! THEY'RE GOING TO *REMOVE MY TONSILS*!

GEE! IF WE MAKE GOOD ON *THIS* DEAL, WE'LL BE *COMMISSIONED*!

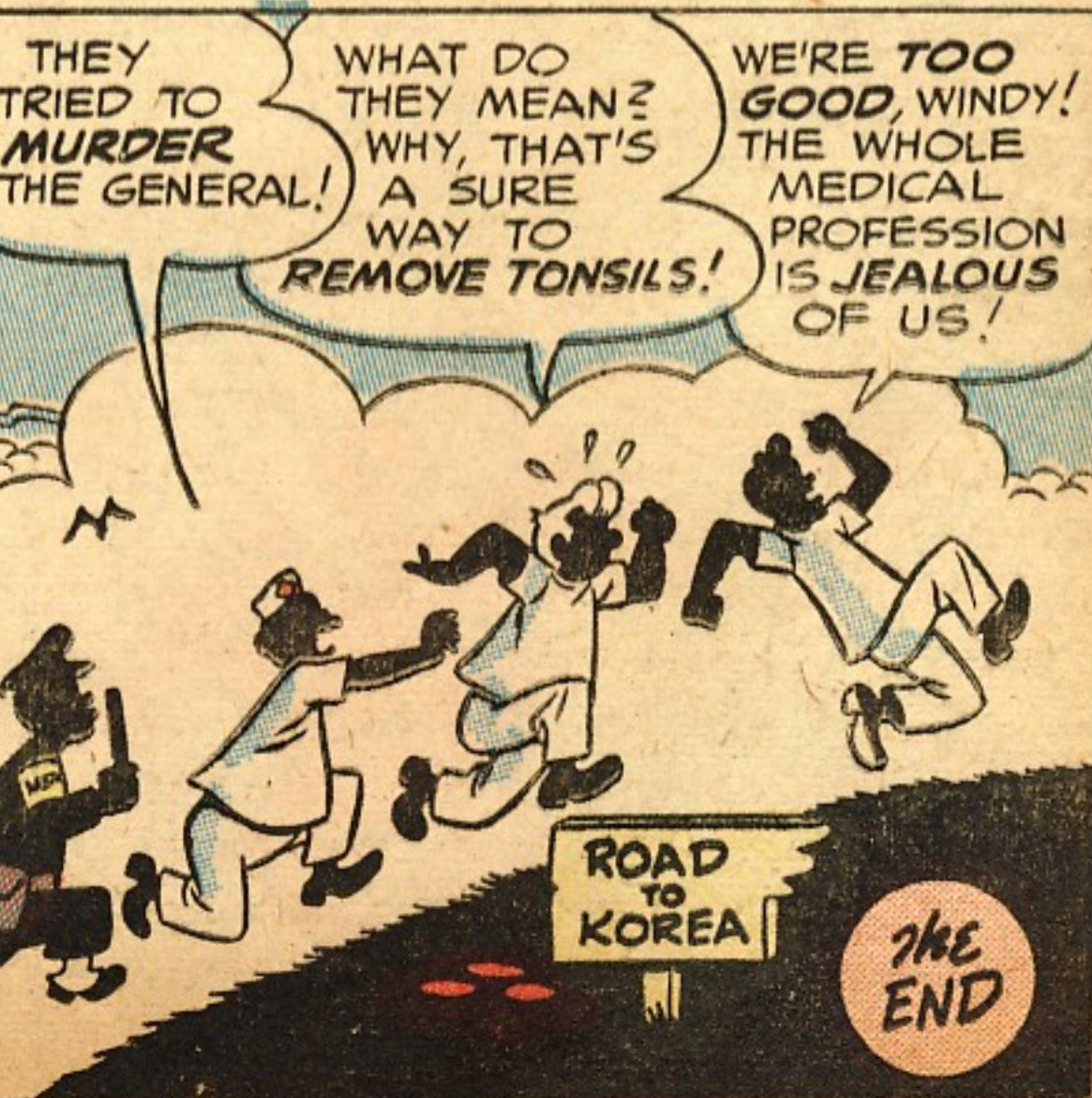


SAY 'AH', GENERAL!

READY TO DETONATE, DR. HICKS?

READY, DR. BRAGG! ONE, TWO...

STOP THEM! STOP THEM...



THEY TRIED TO *MURDER* THE GENERAL!

WHAT DO THEY MEAN? WHY, THAT'S A SURE WAY TO *REMOVE TONSILS*!

WE'RE *TOO GOOD, WINDY*! THE WHOLE MEDICAL PROFESSION IS *JEALOUS* OF US!

THE END

DEAR GERTRUDE

Somewhere in Korea
January 16, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Gosh! How can I ever thank you for your real swell Christmas gifts? Was I ever surprised to get that nice .22 rifle! It was just what I always wanted. And that super velvet smoking jacket—boy! I'm the envy of all the guys in my outfit—and other outfits, too. Are they ever jealous of my jacket! And they sure think I'm stupid, because every time any one of them lights up a cigarette he says: "Hey, Sam—lemme wear your smoking jacket." Ha! They think I don't know you got to smoke a *pipe* with a smoking jacket.

Oh-oh! The Sarge is calling us out. Got to run, honey. Will write tomorrow.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever loving husband-to-be
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Korea
January 18, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Gee, honey, I know I promised to write yesterday. Don't be sore. Let me tell you what happened. You know what they say: "A man is guilty until he is proved innocent"—or something like that. Well, anyways, this is what happened yesterday:

We was all sleeping as nice as can be. Orville Cot, that's my best buddy, and what a guy he is—remind me to tell you about him someday. Well, Orville is sleeping next to me, and he's wearing my smoking jacket. Now hold on, baby—let me explain. I let Orville borrow the jacket 'cause he's from Florida. Now, maybe that don't make much sense to you out there in Kansas. But me, I know my geography real good. You see, Florida is one hot place, and when you're in a place like that for 25 years, your blood kind of thins out. And poor little Orville, his blood is thinned out so bad he can't take the cold weather here in Korea like I can. You know me real good, Gertrude. I can take anything, huh, Babe? Remember that blizzard back in '45 when everything was covered with snow as high as the eye can see? And remember I was caught out in the barn with only my unmentionables on? I didn't freeze much, no siree—I can take anything. Well, to get back to why I didn't

write yesterday. We was sleeping real sound, except for some snoring which some claim seemed to come from my sleeping bag. That's an out-and-out lie. I ain't never snored in my life. Leastwise, I never heard any. Well anyway, all of a sudden, our guard, fella by the name of—get this, honey—Payton Moosejaw, hollers: "Reds! REDS! They're infiltratin'!" I opened my eyes, and lo and behold, Moosejaw was right! There was about two hundred Chinese Commies, and they wasn't coming to play poker, or whatever the Commies play. Well, sir, they yelled and screamed and blew bugles and shot off their rifles, and did everything to scare us. But you know me, Gertrude—I wasn't scared none. I took careful aim with my M-1—I'm afraid your .22 wouldn't have helped me here, but don't think I don't appreciate it. Well, sir, I aimed my rifle and fired into about five of them, and I'll be darned if all five didn't go down. I must confess that I was a little surprised myself, on account of three with one shot is usually my limit. Well, the fighting went on for a solid hour—and finally, we was all captured. There was just too many Commies for us.

Say—there's the chow call, Babe. I'll continue this story after I get me some vittles. Don't go away.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever lovin' husband-to-be
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Korea
January 19, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Well, here I am back again. I guess by this time you must've noticed the date on this here letter, and you must've seen that it ain't the same date as it was yesterday when I promised to write you after I finished chow. But you know what happens to me after I eat kidney beans. Well, hon, that's just what happened yesterday. I washed out my mess kit and said to myself, I said, "I'll just take me a little nap and then get up and finish Gertrude's letter." But you know me real good. Remember that time we had a date for the movies with Preston and his wife? By the way, how are they? I hear they have a new baby. Give them my best, babe. Well, anyways, remember just before that date we had kidney beans at your mother's

house? And remember how I fell so fast asleep that Farmer Gilchrist's derrick couldn't've yanked me off that sofa? Well, that's what happened to me yesterday. And if it wasn't for Orville Cot, that's my buddy, I'd be up against a brick wall with 12 rifles about to drill me like a sieve. You see, I was supposed to go on guard duty, but Orville—what a real good guy he is—says to the Sarge: "Gee, Sarge, Sam is awful sick. I'll take over for him." Well, honey, I didn't wake up 'til just about an hour ago, and so I'm writing to finish the story I started yesterday when the Commies captured us the day before.

Well, the Commies made us walk for miles until I'd like to died. You can imagine how tough it was, 'cause I can take most anything, can't I, Babe? We finally stopped when we came to a little camp near a river. They made us line up and stand at attention. We stood like that for an hour and fifteen minutes. Then a small Commie officer came out. I'd say he was about 4 feet 10 inches tall, and—ha, ha—when he stood next to me he looked like a flea on Rover's back. 'Cause you know me real good, Gertrude. I ain't exactly what you might call a midget.

Well, sir, this officer, he must've been a Colonel, walks over to *me*, being I'm the biggest guy in the outfit, and speaking perfect English, he starts calling me dirty names. You'll have to forgive me for using such language, Gertrude, but this is all part of the story. He called me an "imperialist," "conspirator," "aggressor" and worst of all, he called me a—let's see if I can spell it right—"Boor-jua." Now, don't get me wrong. I ain't one to use no swear words. These are exactly what this foul-mouthed Commie said to me. Well, sir, when he was through, you can imagine how I felt. After all, don't I go to church every Sunday?

When he was finished with me, he looked at Orville, who stood next to me, and the Colonel saw part of the collar of your smoking jacket sticking up out of Orville's fatigues. Remember I said I let Orville wear it on account of his thin blood?

Well, this foul-mouthed Commie got so excited he'd like to burst. He made Orville take off your smoking jacket and give it to him. And poor Orville started to shiver. Not because he was afraid, not Orville, but because of his Florida blood. Then this Commie waved your jacket back and forth in front of Orville's face, and called *him* dirty names, too. Next thing we knew, he grabbed us—me and Orville—and marched us over to a tent. I looked back at our other buddies, and I guess they figured we

was done for, 'cause a couple of them waved good-by.

When we got inside the tent were we ever surprised! There was a General! A *genuine* Commie General! Well, he listened for awhile to the foul-mouthed Colonel, then he got up, and I'll be darned if *he* didn't call us dirty names. At the same time, he tried on your smoking jacket for size. Seeing it didn't fit him, he got even madder. He threw your jacket into a corner of the tent, where a guard looked at it, and sort of licked his lips.

The Colonel and the General yelled at each other this time in their own language, and then left the tent. But when Orville and I started to follow them, the guard got right in our way.

Well, Gertrude, you know me real good, and if I was to tell you some of the other things that happened, you might think I was making some of them up, so I'll just tell you how we *did* get away. It's a shame about your smoking jacket. I miss it something awful, but it sure did its part, Gertrude, and you can be real proud.

Well, after the Colonel and the General left, the Commie guard got into the jacket to keep warm. When things were real quiet, he went out to sneak a smoke, or something, and he forgot to take your jacket off. Another Commie guard must've figured it was Orville making a break, on account of everybody had seen Orville in your jacket, and—Zingo!—your jacket and our Commie guard both got shot in the back!

Well, Orville and me ain't no dopes. We know a golden opportunity when we see it. And you know what they say about opportunity knocking once. In the confusion we all made a break for it—and I guess you can tell we got back to camp, safe and sound in one piece, or I couldn't be writing this to you now, could I?

I'm real sorry about the jacket, hon—I know how long it must've taken you to pick it out. But believe me, there wasn't any time to stick around and peel it off that dead Commie.

I guess that does it, Baby! I'll write again tomorrow. Right now, it's the good old sack for me. Good night!

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)

Your ever lovin' husband-to-be
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

G.I. Joe

in

BARNEY and the BUZZ BOMB

MOST SOLDIERS MANAGE
INGENIOUS WAYS OF CARRYING
ON THEIR PERSONAL QUIRKS
AND AMBITIONS IN SPITE OF
ARMY REGIMENTATION.
SERGEANT MULVANEY THOUGHT
HE'D SEEN THEM ALL --
UNTIL A NEW RECRUIT,
PRIVATE BARNEY BIGELOW,
JOINED BAKER COMPANY...

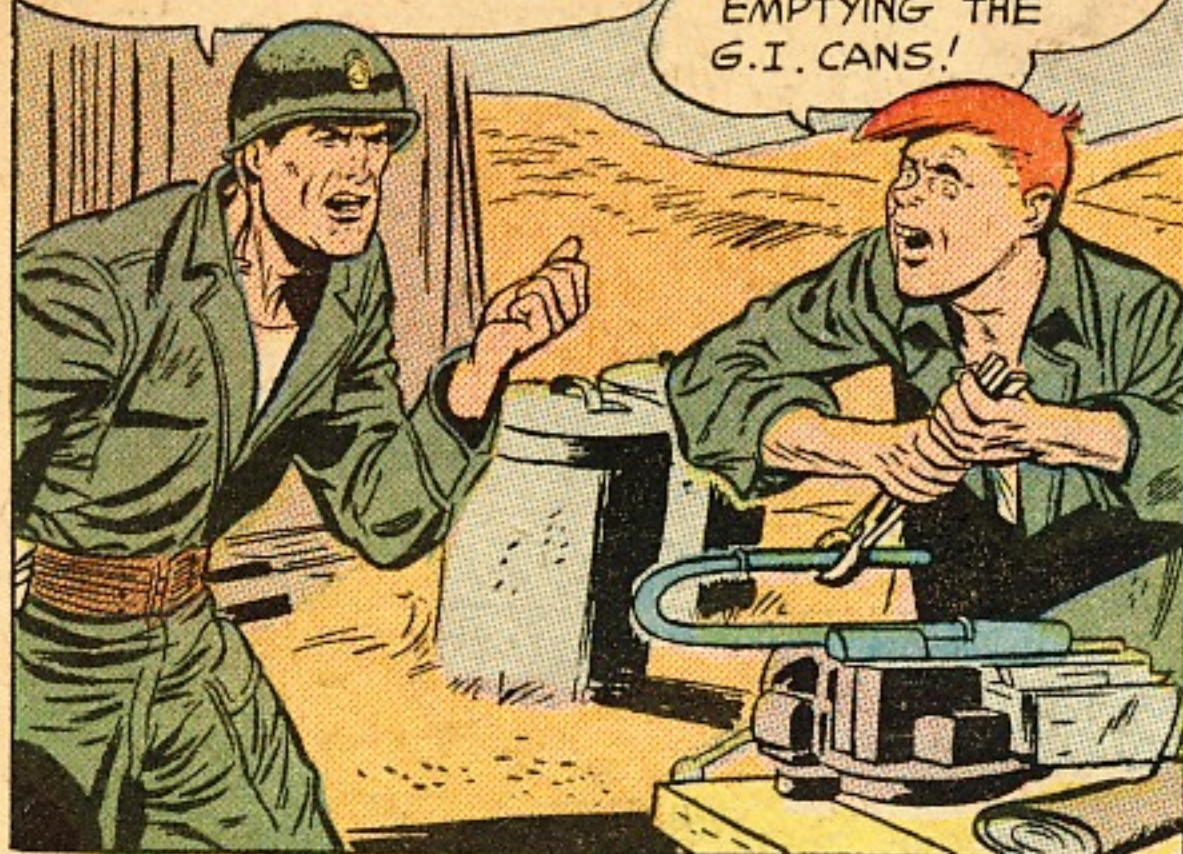


THE NEXT DAY...

DIDN'T I TELL
YA TO EMPTY THEM G.I. CANS?—

HEY! YOU'RE DESTROYIN'
ARMY PROPERTY! YOU'RE ASKIN'
FOR TROUBLE, BIGELOW!

IT AIN'T ARMY
PROPERTY—
IT'S AN OLD
COMMIE RIFLE I
FOUND! BESIDES,
I FINISHED
EMPTYING THE
G.I. CANS!



I SUPPOSE THIS IS ANOTHER
ONE OF THEM BRAINSTORMS
THAT'S GONNA WIN YOU
THE PRIZE!

SURE IS! LOOKIT--
YA FASTEN THIS
HERE GUN TO YOUR
M-1 RIFLE, SO WHEN
YOU'RE SURROUNDED YA
CAN SHOOT BOTH WAYS
AT ONCE!



A-A-R-RR-R-R!



ORDERS FROM LOOTENANT PARKER,
SARGE! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!



LATER, AT THE FRONT LINES...

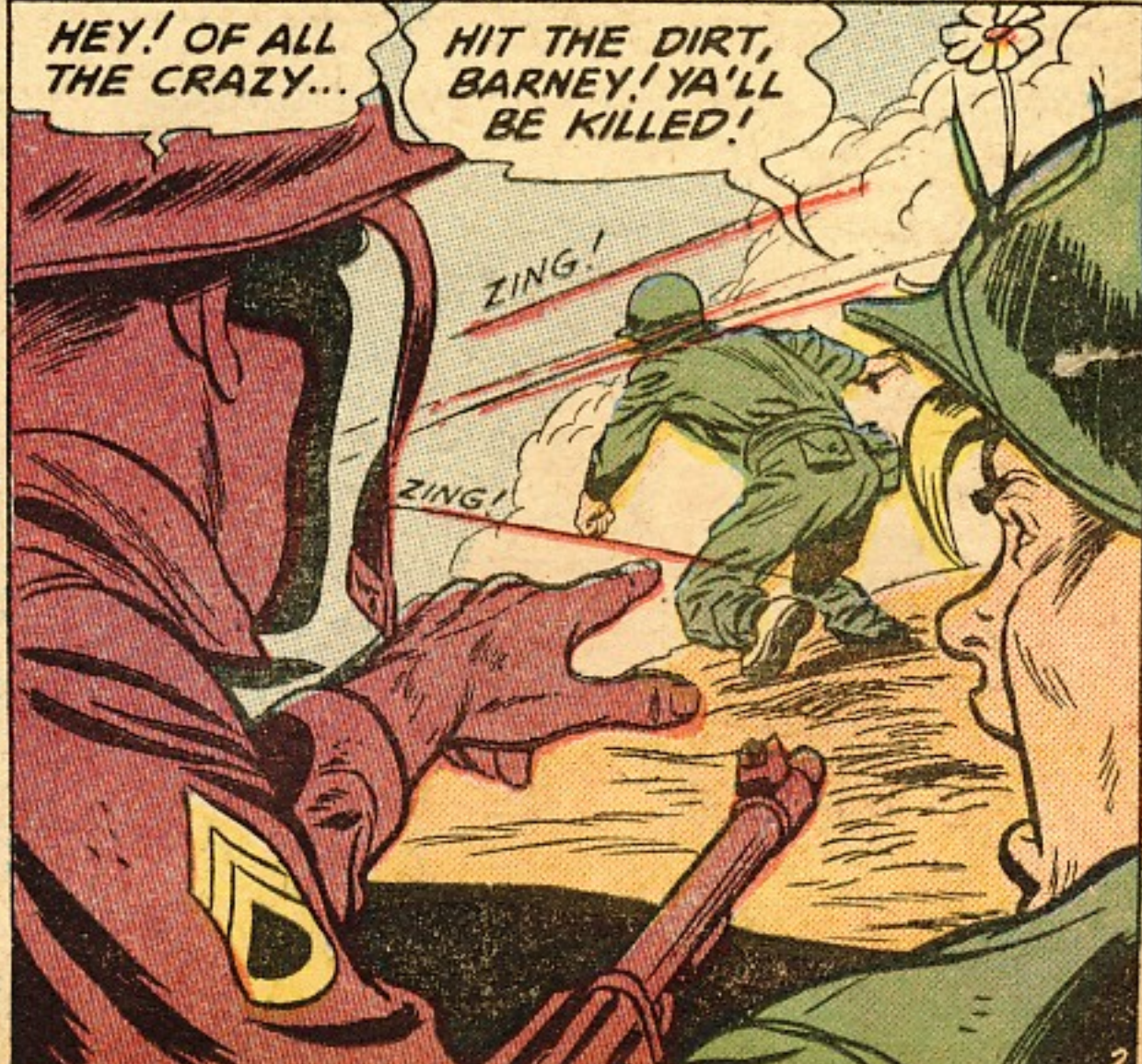
I HADDA TAKE THAT FOOL
GUN AWAY FROM BIGELOW!
IMAGINE! HE WANTED TO
TRY IT OUT AT THE FRONT!

RELAX, SARGE!
BARNEY'S A
GOOD SOLJER!



HEY! OF ALL
THE CRAZY...

HIT THE DIRT,
BARNEY! YA'LL
BE KILLED!





THE BATTLE IS OVER, AND SGT. MULVANEY HAS CALMED DOWN, TOO...



BUT UNKNOWN TO MULVANEY...



LATER THAT DAY...

BAD NEWS, SERGEANT!

THE BIG RED OFFENSIVE IS DUE TO START AT ANY MOMENT! OUR REINFORCEMENTS HAVE BEEN DELAYED BY MURDY ROADS, SO WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD OUT AS BEST WE CAN!

YES, SIR!
I'LL GET
THE MEN
MOVING!

AND THEN...

WE'LL HAVE TO FALL BACK
QUICK, GUYS! THERE'S A
WHOLE ARMY COMIN'!

BOOM!

BLAM!

SARGE, WE CAN'T LET
'EM HAVE THAT AMMO
DUMP! DO YOU THINK
I COULD HIT IT WITH A
GRENADE?

NO, JOE, TOO RISKY!
ONLY THING TO DO IS
GET A FLY GUY TO
COME BACK AND BOMB
IT LATER! BUT I SURE
HATE TO SEE THEM
SKUNKS GET ANY OF IT!

ER... SARGE... MAYBE
I COULD HIT IT WITH
MY BUZZ BOMB!

YER WHAT?!!

MY **BUZZ BOMB!** I
GOT IT HID IN THEM
BUSHES! LEMME
SNEAK BACK AND
SET IT OFF? PLEASE,
SARGE?

SO **THAT'S** WHAT
YA'VE BEEN UP TO?
WELL, ANYTHIN'S
WORTH TRYIN' TO
GET THAT AMMO!
GO AHEAD!

LOOK, HE HIT IT
RIGHT ON THE
NOSE!

SO WHAT? I MIGHT'VE
KNOWN IT'S A
DUD!

WHODOSH!

IT'S GOTTA GO OFF!
IT AIN'T NO DUD!

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S
A DUD! YA PROB'LY
LOUSED IT UP!



LOOKIT--EVEN THEM REDS
CAN TELL IT AIN'T GONNA
EXPLODE! THEY'RE
WALKIN' RIGHT PAST IT!



JUST THEN...



THEY'RE RUNNIN',
GUYS! C'MON!



SOON, THE RED FORCE IS WIPED OUT—AND
LATER BACK AT CAMP...

YA GOT EVERYTHIN'
LIKE I TOLD YA?

EVERYTHIN' EXCEPT
THE GUEST OF HONOR!
WE CAN'T FIND HIM
NOWHERE!



I HADDA HUNCH,
YOU'D BE HERE!
CHEER UP, BARNEY,
WE'RE THROWIN' A
BIG PARTY FOR YA!

YEAH, AND THE
LOOTENANT'S
GONNA PUT YA
IN FOR A SILVER
STAR! HEY!
WHAT'RE YA BAWLIN'
ABOUT?

I-I CAN'T HELP
FEELIN' BAD,
FELLAS! IT WAS
MY GREATEST
INVENTION-- THE
**BIGELOW
DELAYED-
ACTION BUZZ
BOMB!** AN' NOW, THERE
AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT OF IT
TO SEND THE JUDGES
OF THE
OSHKOSH
AMATEUR
AWARD!



THE END

HERE THEY ARE—THE WINNERS OF THE BIG G. I. JOE CONTESTS!

Contest No. 1

Each contestant submitted a photograph of the G. I. who, in their estimation, looked most like G.I. JOE—with an accompanying letter completing this sentence: "I admire G.I. JOE because . . ."

The winner of the 1st prize:

SFC JAMES CURTIS WYATT

Gering, Nebraska

Entry submitted by:

Mr. Clarence McCann

Columbus, Ohio

The prizes:

For Sgt. Wyatt, \$500.00 in cash, plus a trip to New York—as the guest of G. I. JOE COMICS!

For Mr. McCann, \$100.00 in cash!

And, in the names of the two winners, G. I. JOE COMICS will donate \$1,000.00 each to the Red Cross Blood Donor Program and to the Army Emergency Relief!

2nd prize (\$75.00 in cash):

Mrs. Lucille Klutkowski, Linden, N. J.

3rd prize (\$50.00 in cash):

Pvt. Jon Hostovichak

4th prize (\$25.00 in cash):

Glenn E. Witt, Albuquerque, N. M.

5th through 12th prizes (\$10.00 in cash)

5th: Sgt. Roy White, Jr.

6th: Pvt. Eugene Squitieri

7th: Pfc. Harry A. Stoetzel

8th: Paul Love, Lorain, Ohio

9th: A. L. Pointer, New Castle, Ind.

10th: Vincent Nistico, Waterbury, Conn.

11th: Mrs. Kenneth Brcka, Chicago, Ill.

12th: Mrs. Roger Tremble.

Bowdoinham, Maine

Contest No. 2

Here are the winners of the G. I. JOE Contest #2, in which contestants submitted a letter completing this sentence: "I admire G. I. JOE because . . .":

1st prize: \$100.00 in cash

Miss Catherine Melfi

Stamford, Conn.

Miss Melfi's winning entry:

"I admire G. I. JOE because he represents the clean, courageous, upright American soldier, the tousle-haired kid from any American home town, fighting to down tyranny's threat to his nation—a most admirable, honorable objective."

2nd prize: \$75.00 in cash

Mrs. L. E. Kodalen

Dodson, Montana

3rd prize: \$50.00 in cash

Mrs. Nancy S. Mallette, Wilmington, N. C.

4th prize: \$25.00 in cash

Mrs. Robert H. Moeller, Troy, N. Y.

5th through 14th: \$10.00 in cash

5th: Chuck Skilken, Cincinnati, Ohio

6th: Cpl. Paul N. Love

7th: Miss Evelyn Phillips, San Diego, Cal.

**8th: Robert Lampman,
Mercer Island, Wash.**

**9th: George Mustonen, Jr.,
Chicago Heights, Ill.**

10th: Larry Banks, Chicago, Ill.

11th: Pvt. David Merrow

12th: Mrs. Evelyn Hocks, Matagorda, Texas

13th: Sfc. Sherman Chapman, Jr.

14th: Pfc. John J. Lesack

15th through 34th: \$5.00 in cash

15th: Pvt. Robert Scoyni

16th: Mrs. Arnold Adams, Milton, Mass.

17th: Syl Hellmeyer, Centralia, Ill.

18th: Mrs. Catherine Sewell,

Penacook, N. H.

19th: Miss June Shimizu,

Wilmington, Calif.

20th: Miss Barbara Floyd, New York, N. Y.

21st: Miss Patricia Moutz, Oneco, Fla.

22nd: Karen Bedard, Iron River, Mich.

23rd: K. Dougherty, Philadelphia, Penna.

24th: Mrs. A. L. Archer, Cisco, Texas

**25th: Mrs. Leon Hallada,
Green Bay, Wisconsin**

26th: Diane Villaluz, Seattle, Wash.

27th: Mrs. A. Ishii, Los Angeles, Calif.

28th: Mrs. B. Cross, Canterbury, N. H.

29th: Mrs. T. D. Kelly

30th: Norman Kuck, Rochester, Mich.

**31st: Mrs. Anne L. Owens,
Upper Marlboro, Md.**

**32nd: Stewart Larry Silber,
Louisville, Ky.**

33rd: Jerry Nielsen, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

34th: Betty Williams, Newport, R. I.

35th through 84th: Free one-year subscription to G. I. JOE

John Hohn, Yankton, S. D.; George Williams, Lafayette, Ind.; Sally Miller, Miami, Fla.; Bobby Raymond, Jackson, Mich.; Jack Jackson, Louisville, Ky.; Evandeele Crosdon, Wilson, N. C.; Robert Teitlebaum, Nashville, Tenn.; Evelyn Carelock, Washington, D. C.; Bill Leise, Boise, Idaho; Shirley Jean Neal, Bakersfield, Calif.; Joey Martin; David Hoge, Carthage, Mo.; Peter Sarb, Ashland, Wisconsin; Allen Bashian, North Easton, Mass.; Fred Rolfe, Ithaca, N. Y.; Bruce Jellison, Gulfport, Fla.; Richard Goodwin, Holley, N. Y.; Don Wilson, Garden City, N. Y.; Charles Martell, Somerville, Mass.; Dorothy Talbott, Tigard, Oregon; Sophie Kruszewski, Cudahy, Wisconsin; Kent Felder, Waxahachie, Texas; Linda Hypes, Narrows, Va.; Peter Lawler, Carthage, N. Y.; Kenneth Palmer, Portland, Oregon; Owen Stewart, Greenfield, Calif.; Mrs. R. W. Smith, Watertown, N. Y.; H. R. Lawton, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. Eleanor Cross, Loudon, N. H.; Robert Newhard, Coopersburg, Penna.; Marjean Self, Wolfforth, Texas; Wanda Barnes, Erwin, Tenn.; Edward Seaman, Kreole, Miss.; Jerree Blanton, Kingsport, Tenn.; A. G. Adams, Milton, Mass.; Catherine Drake, Alameda, Calif.; Catherine Roberts, Phoenixville, Penna.; John Strasser, St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Thomas, Erie, Penna.; Billy Delaney; Andy Goodwin, Raleigh, N. C.; Bobby Gleason, Amarillo, Texas; Tommy Marshall, Wayne, Mich.; Edward Kolodziej, Jr., Utica, N. Y.; Howard Crider, Kingsville, Texas; Jim Sontag, Denver, Colo.; Douglas Neal, Everett, Mass.; Robert Haney, Cannonsburg, Penna.; Darrill Trampe, Amherst, Neb.

The checks are on the way. Thanks to all who entered!

G.I. Joe

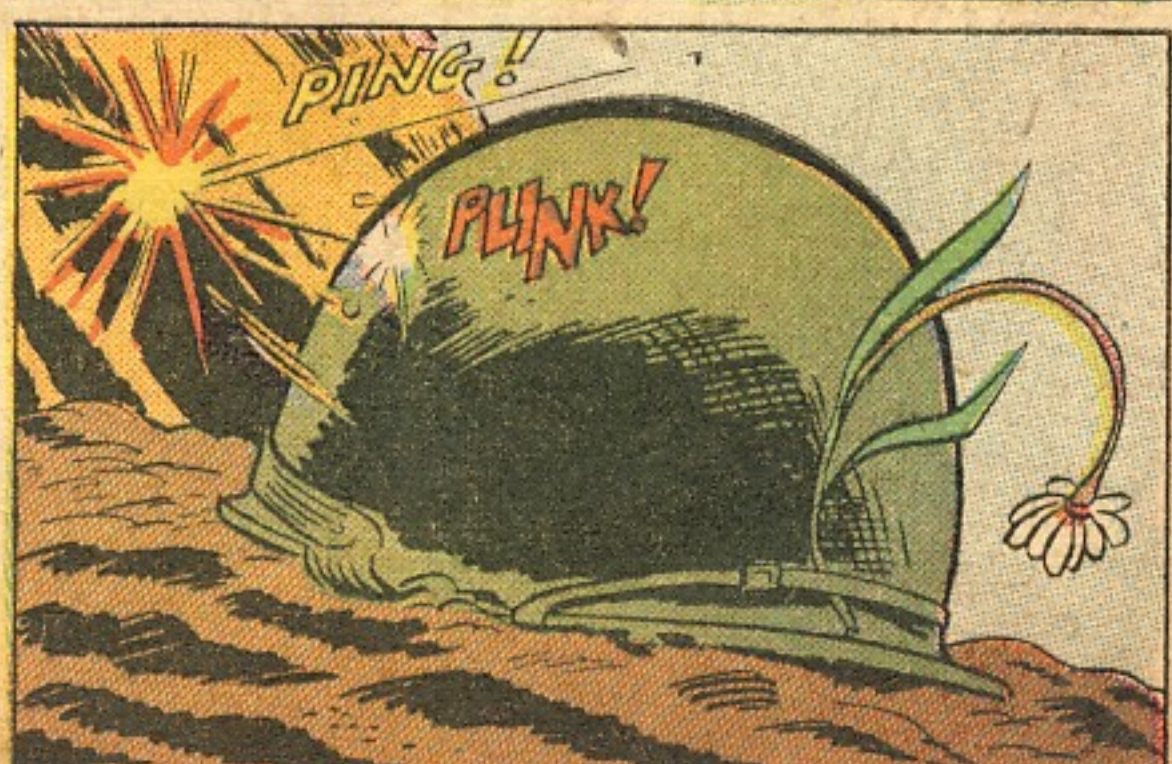
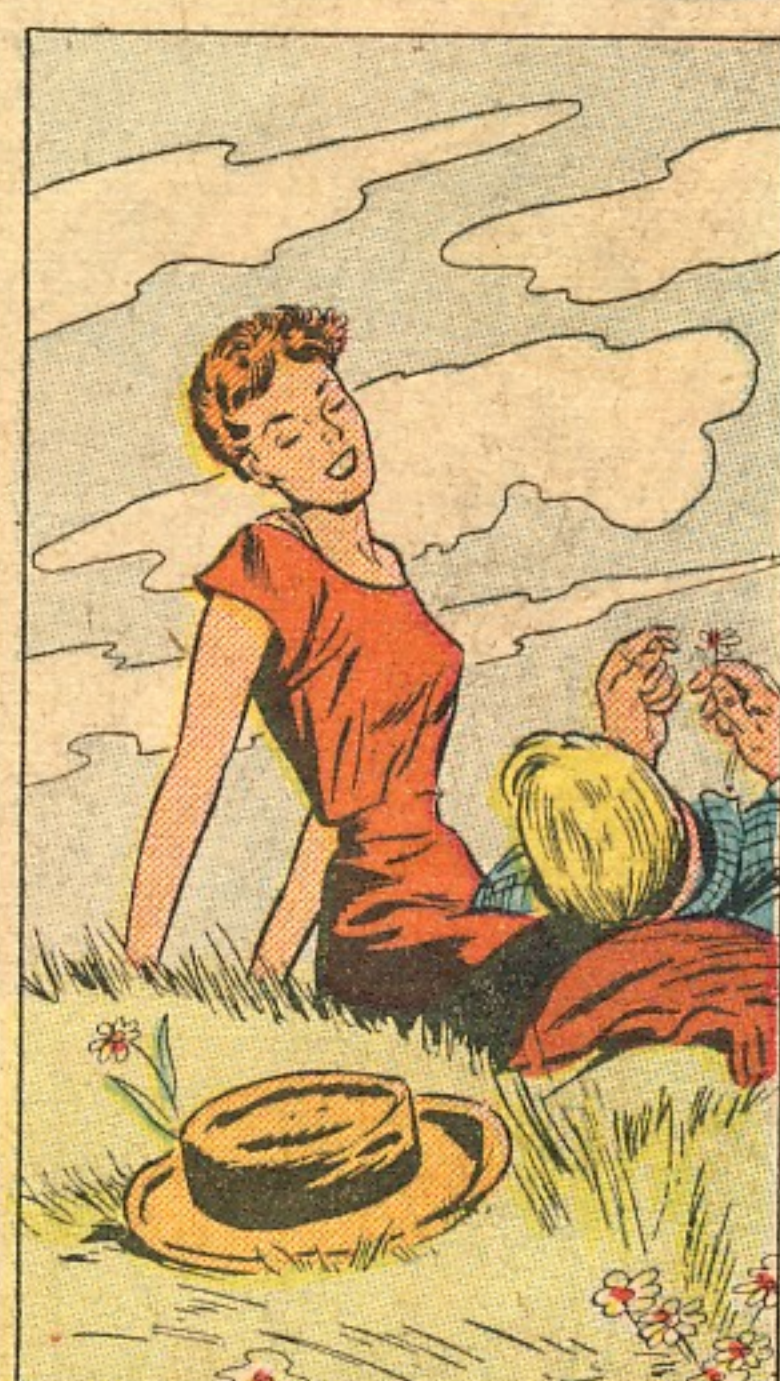
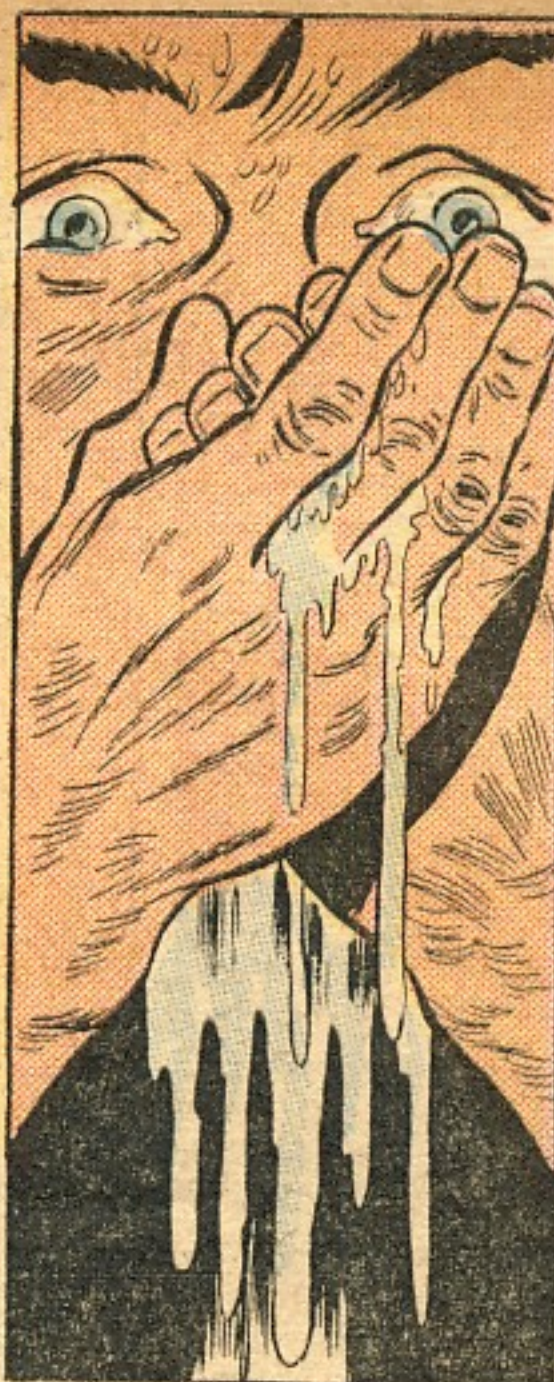
in YOU'RE NEVER ALONE

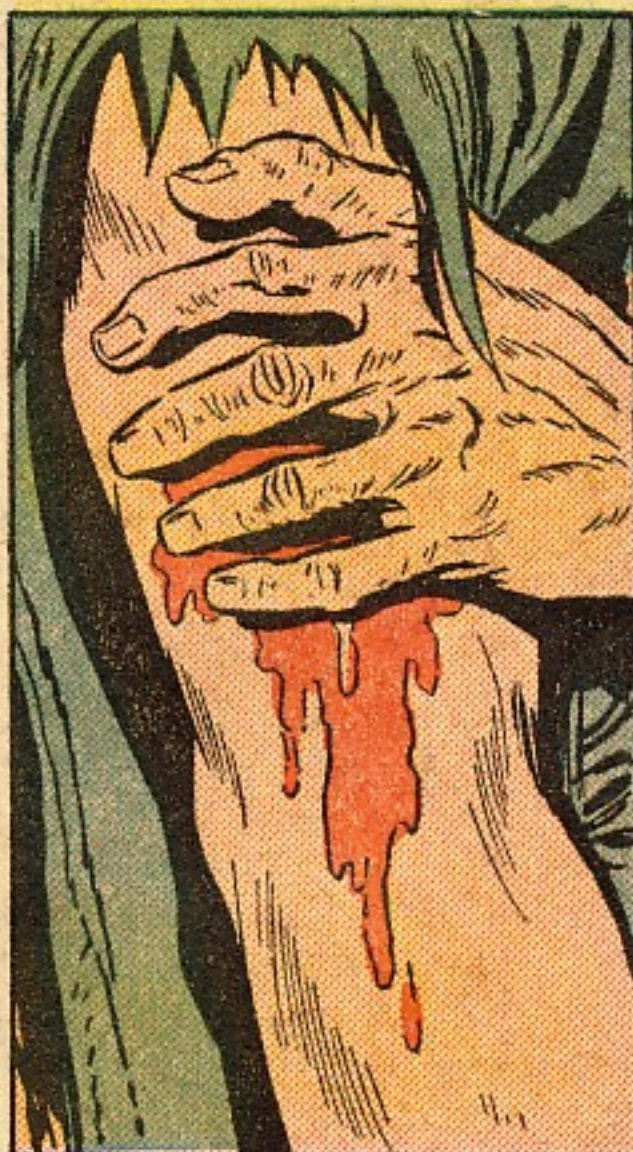
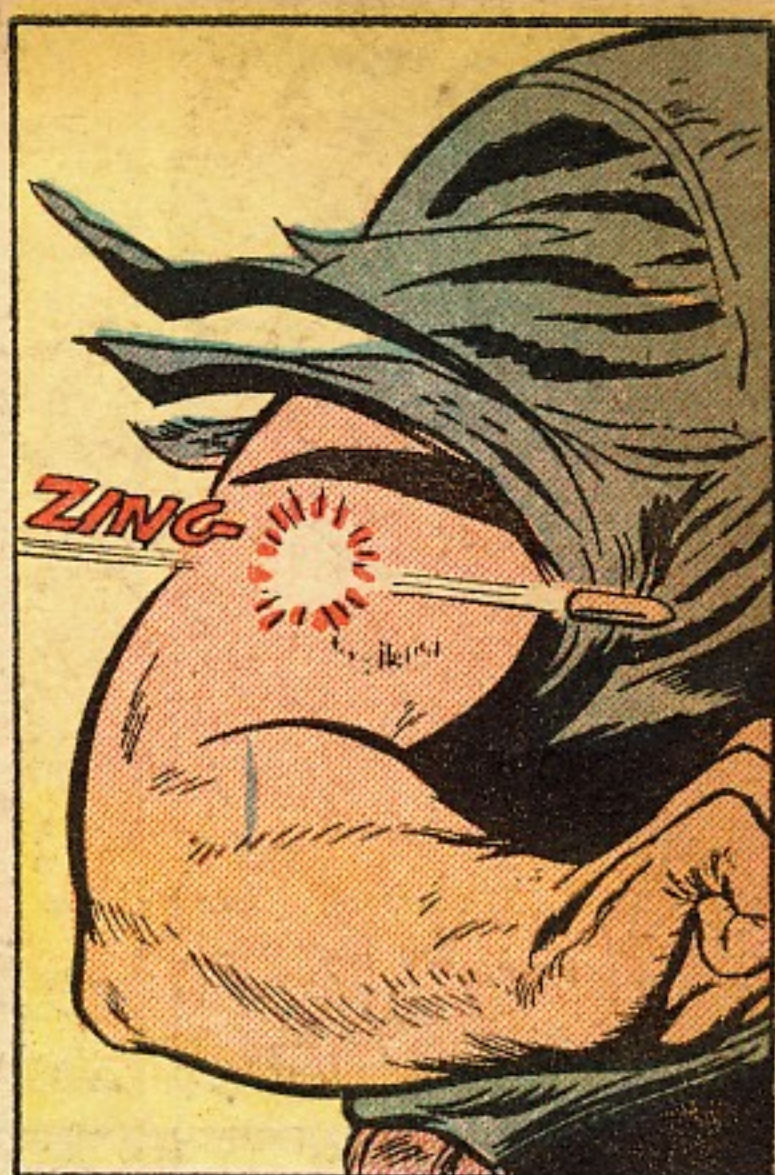
THERE MAY COME A TIME IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HOPELESSNESS, DESOLATION AND FEAR DESCEND ON HIM WITH SUCH SUFFOCATING FORCE THAT HE FEELS UTTERLY DESERTED AND **ALONE**. AT SUCH A TIME A MAN'S INNER RESOURCES ARE ALL THAT ARE LEFT TO HIM. IT IS UP TO THESE RESOURCES TO EITHER FAIL HIM OR CARRY HIM THROUGH.

SO IT WAS ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY WITH JOE BURCH WOUNDED IN THE ARM, HIS RIFLE SHOT AWAY FROM HIM, SEPARATED FROM "BAKER" COMPANY AND TRAILED BY A RELENTLESS RED, JOE HAS — FOR MORE THAN A WEEK — BEEN COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE MOMENT WHEN **HIS** RESOURCES WILL BE PUT TO THEIR CRUCIAL TEST.

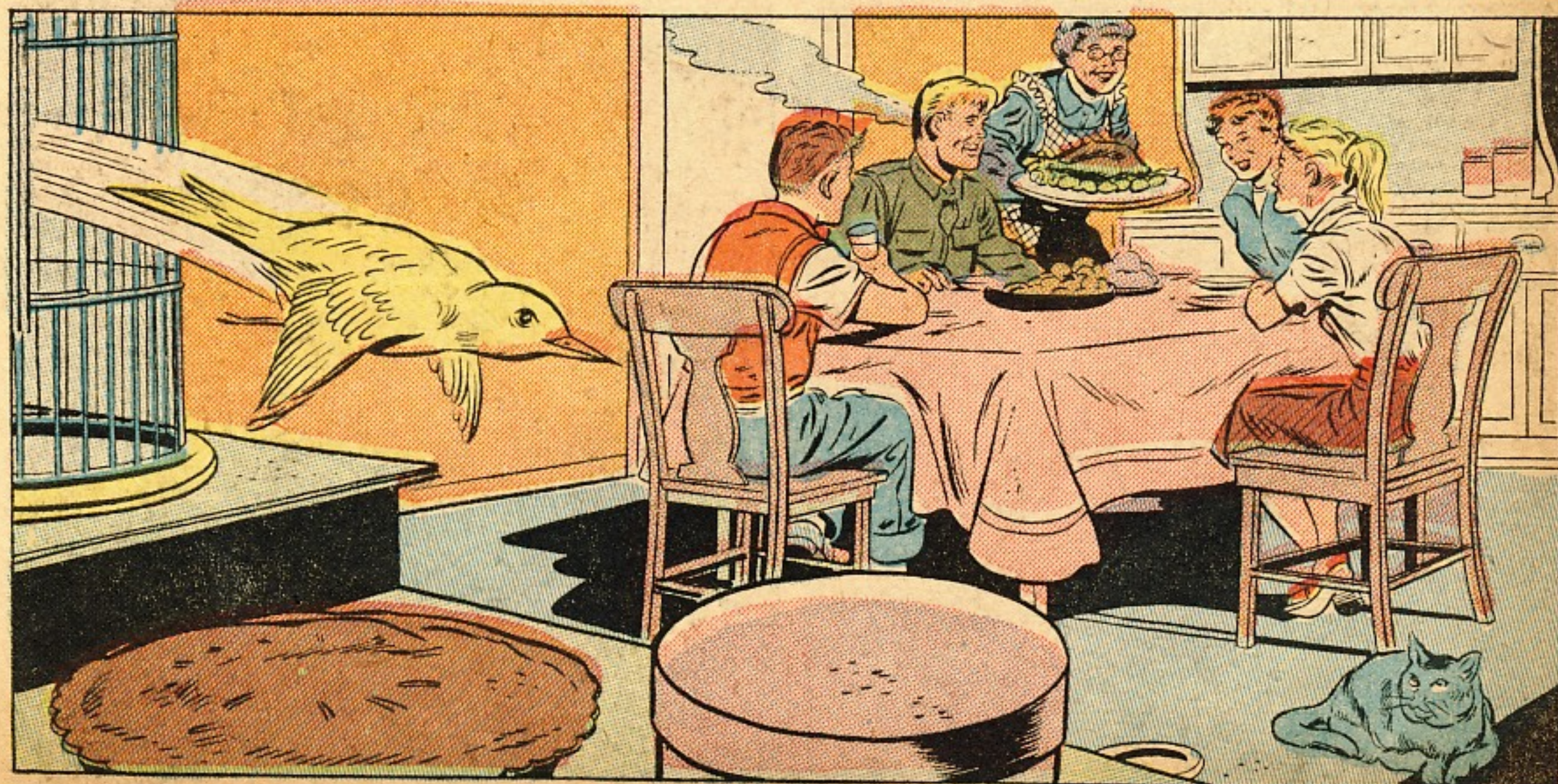
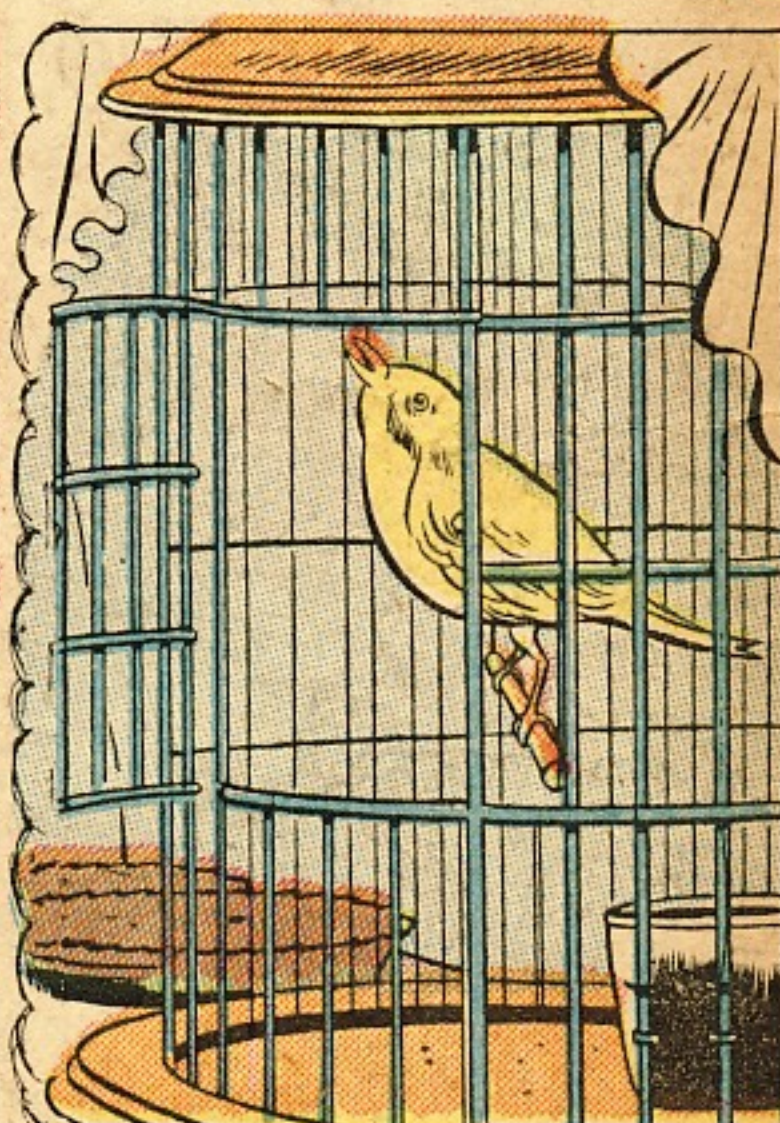
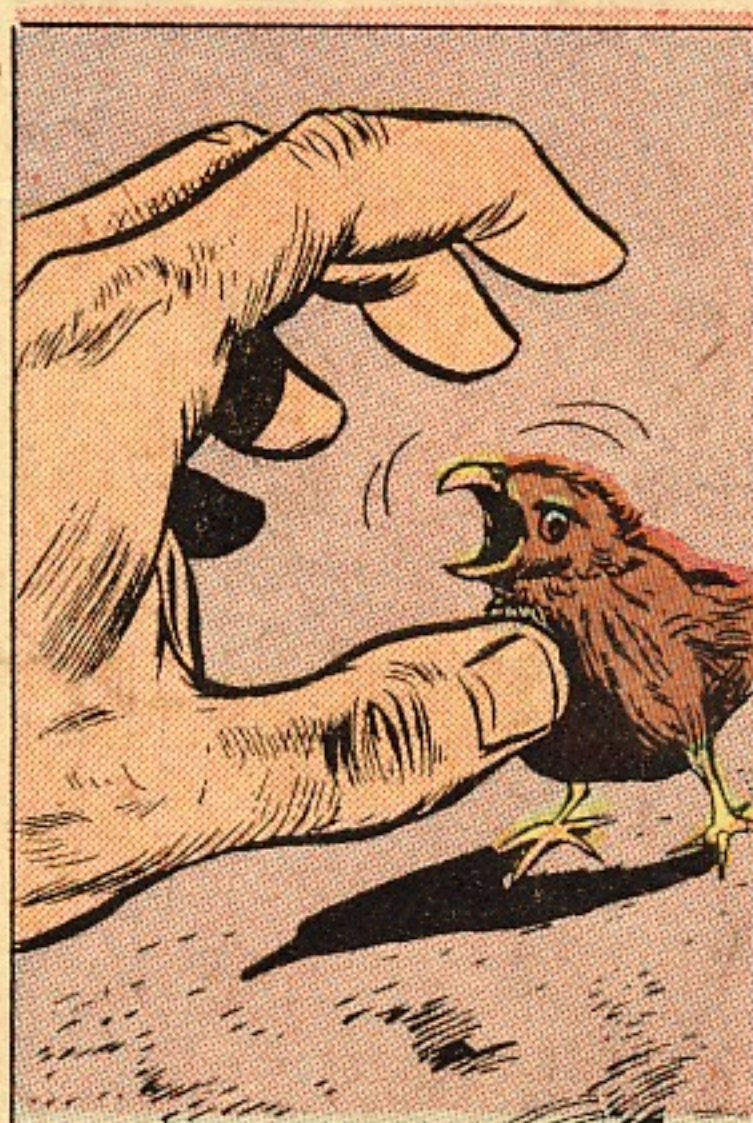
SLOWLY, INEXORABLY THE HUNTER GAINS ON THE HUNTED! WHEN THEY MEET, THERE WILL BE THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED! WHAT HIDDEN FACETS OF A MAN'S SOUL DETERMINE WHICH OF THE TWO HE SHALL BE? IT CANNOT BE MUCH LONGER NOW BEFORE JOE — FOR ALL TIME — WILL KNOW!

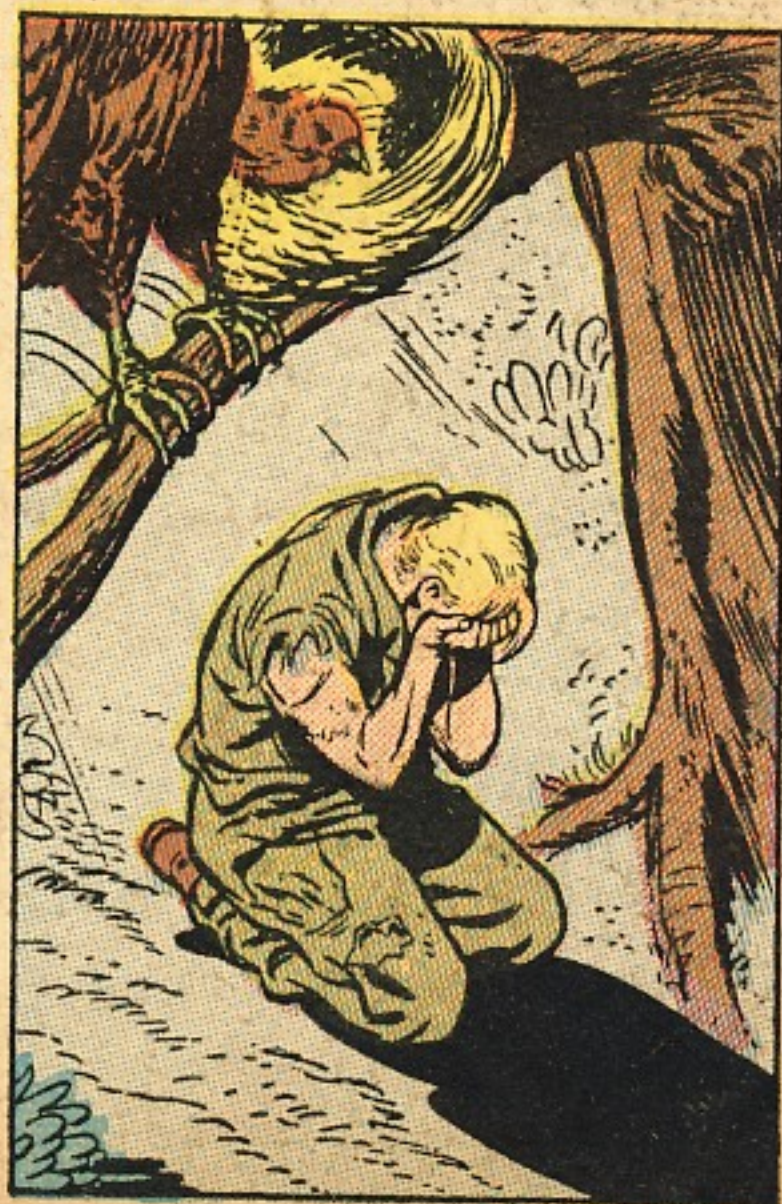
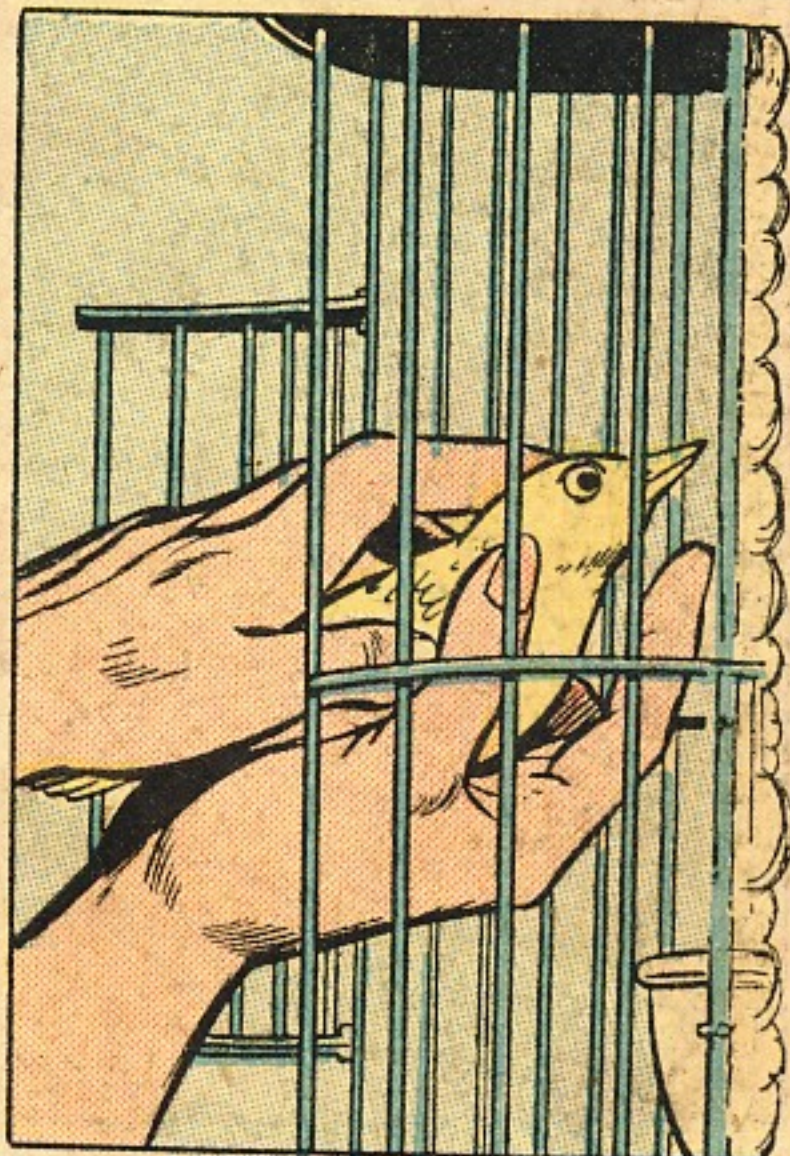


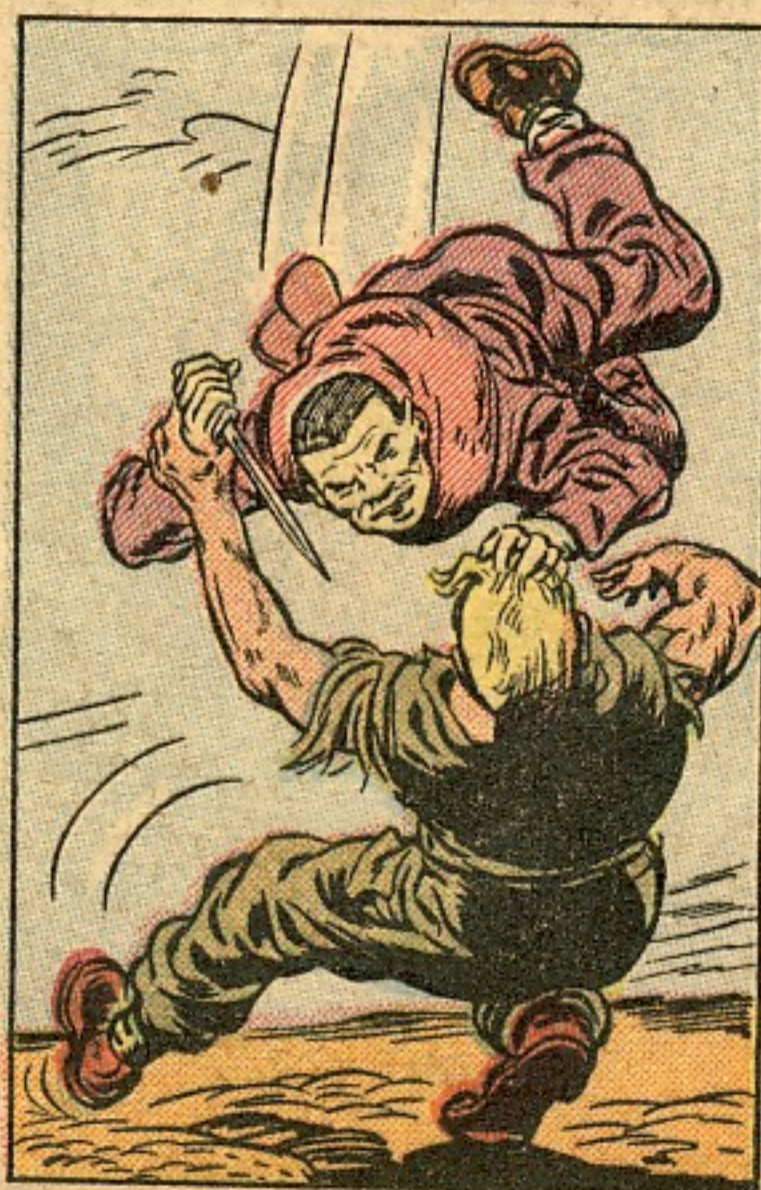
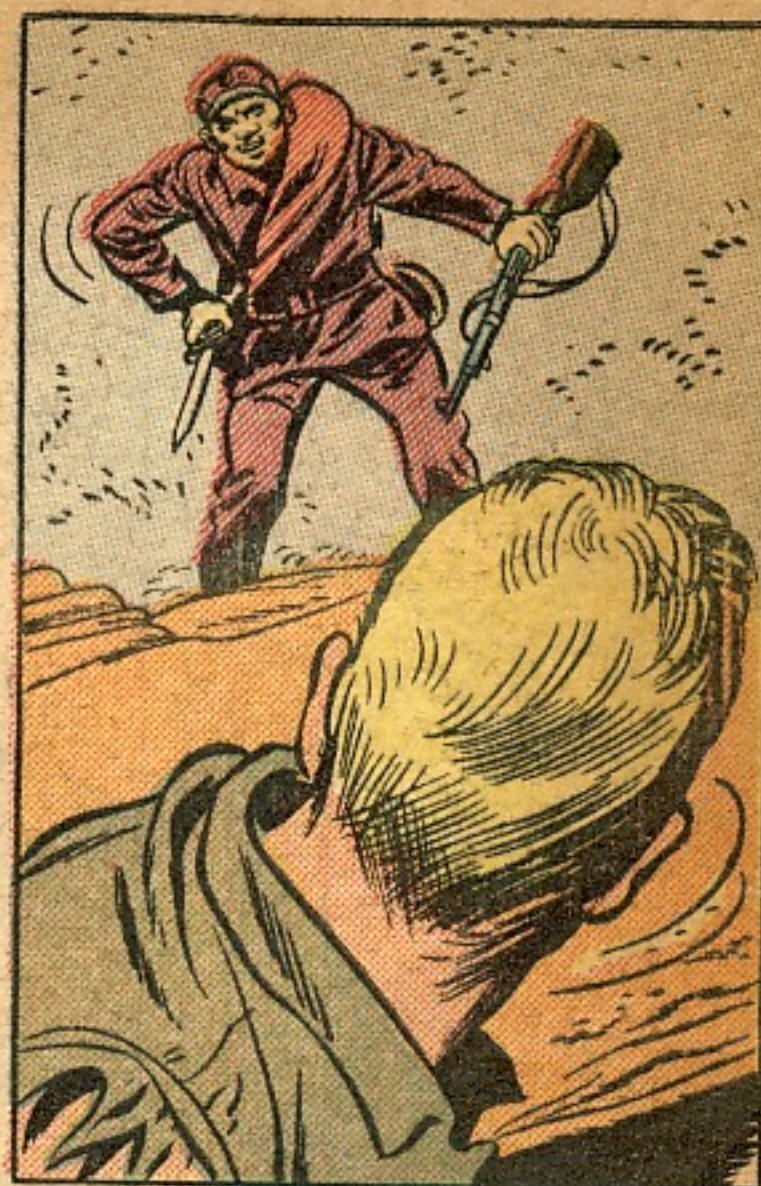


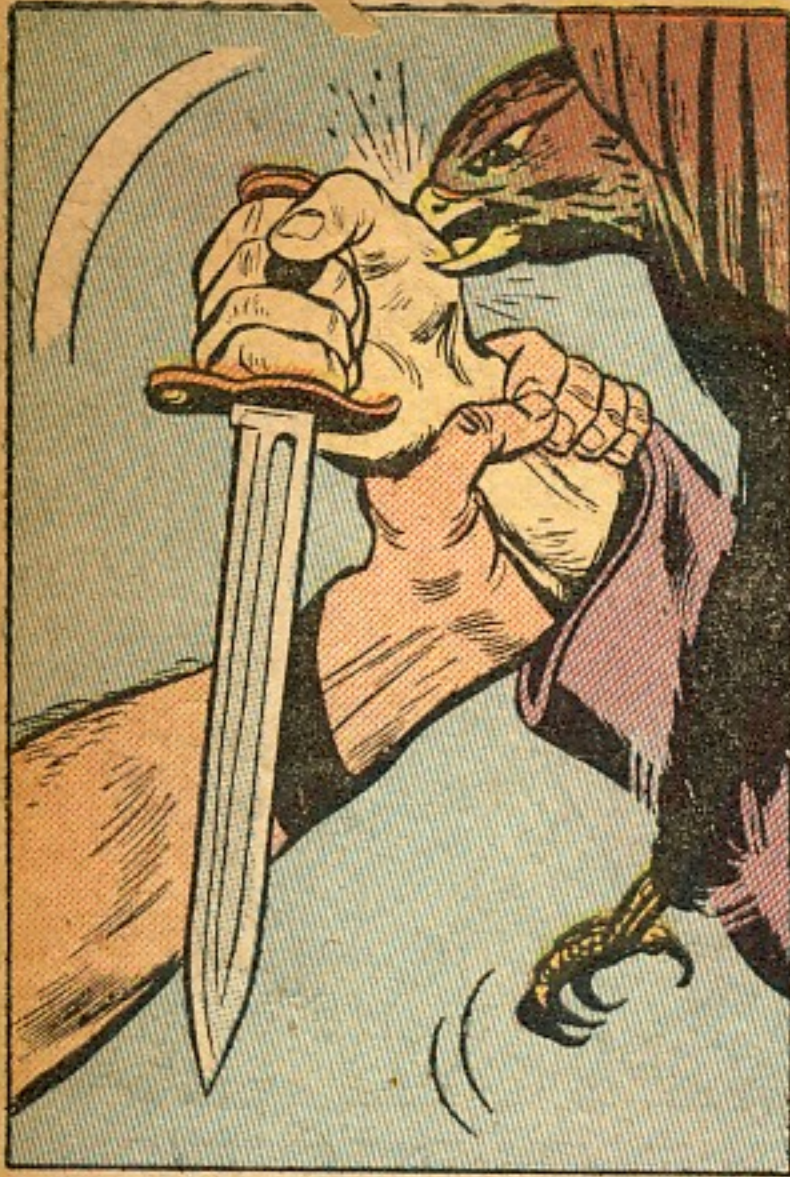












THE END

YOU HAVE JUST READ THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY STORY IN COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY. WE'VE TRIED TO TELL A STORY IN ARTISTIC PANTOMIME—NO DIALOGUE. THIS IS, FRANKLY, AN EXPERIMENT. OF COURSE IT CAN'T BE DONE TOO OFTEN. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE US AND LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF IT?

FLY THE NEW JET POWER

FLYING WING!



REAL JET POWER

with amazing JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

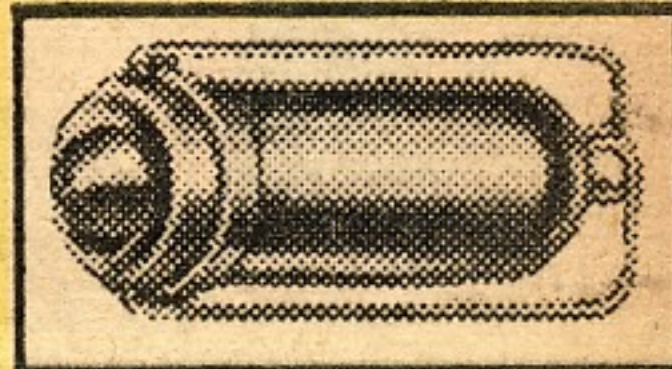
Get set for supersonic thrills and dazzling air adventure with this new jet powered FLYING WING. It flies as only a jet can—climbs, loops, banks, circles, glides. Goes 1,000 feet at scale supersonic speed. It's sensational for racing, combat flying and stunting. The FLYING WING is the hottest plane you and your friends have ever seen.

The FLYING WING is a cinch to build. It's prefabricated; comes complete with engine and all parts. Nothing more to buy! Just follow easy instructions, glue the parts together and

you're ready for thrills MINUTES after you take the FLYING WING out of the box!

This amazing jet airplane uses modern stressed skin construction for super strength. It can take a full speed crash and come up ready for hundreds more fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today!



Here it is! the world's most powerful engine, of its size, and the smallest JET Engine ever made. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED
Your FLYING WING must fly. If all instructions are followed. If you are not completely satisfied with the FLYING WING and JETEX #50 Jet Engine, return both within ten days for full money back.

DESIGNED BY COMMANDER WALLIS RIGBY

Commander Wallis Rigby, world famous designer is the inventor of the FLYING WING. He says, "Fellows, I've designed thousands of models, but this is it, the finest plane yet!"

JETEX, 410 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

If sold in the store, the FLYING WING #50 Jet Engine would cost over \$3.00. Our special offer saves you money! Rush the coupon and get the FLYING WING and JETEX #50 Jet Engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.)

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX DEPT. 951

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Please rush the FLYING WING and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name _____

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☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the FLYING WING does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

NEW! 1953 "Space Commander"

VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES
ONLY

\$1



2 WAY
SENDS! RECEIVES!
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC

Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay \$100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1953 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

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SPECIAL!

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**2
PHONES
COMPLETE**

Rush this MONEY-SAVING COUPON

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RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid. I enclose only \$1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay \$1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.

LAST CHANCE AT THIS LOW PRICE!

LIFETIME CHRONOGRAPH STOPWATCH—WINDOW CALENDAR WRIST-WATCH PRECISION JEWELLED

**Comes with Handsome
Matching Expansion Band
AT NO EXTRA COST!
WEAR AND ENJOY
This Watch on**

**DATE
CHANGES
EVERY
DAY
*Auto-
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10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

This Swiss-Precision Watch is Also a

• **TACHOMETER:** Measures speeds of moving objects.

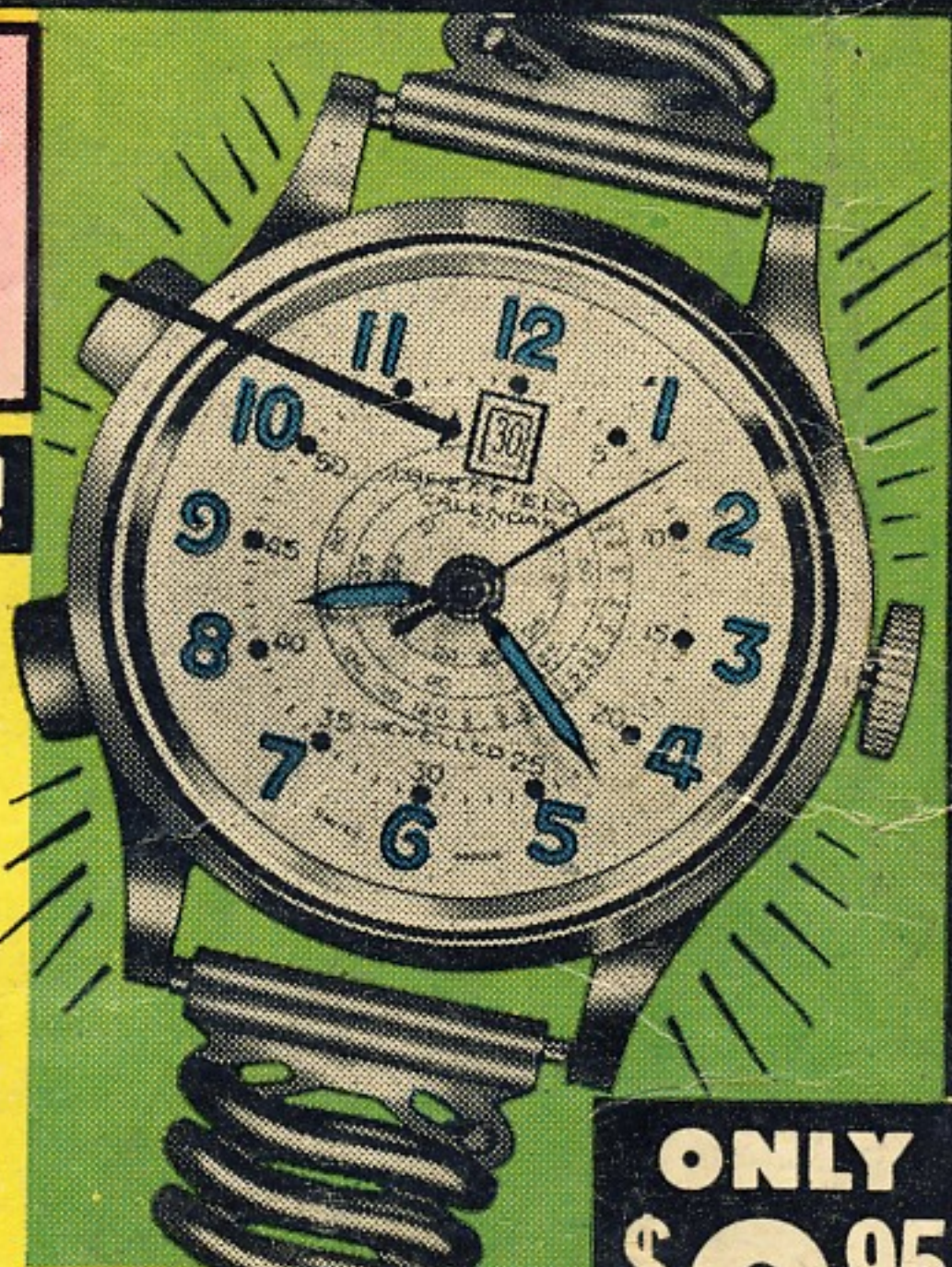
• **TELEMETER:** Measures distance between points.

and

• **12 HOUR RECORDER**

It's Also

**SHOCK-RESISTANT
and ANTI-MAGNETIC**



**ONLY
\$8⁹⁵**
plus
10%
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THESE HIGH PRICE FEATURES USUALLY
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- Precision Made, Imported Swiss Jeweled Movement.
- 2-Push Buttons for "Stop" and "Start."
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How-to-use, complete instructions plus 1-Year
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**ONE-YEAR
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A sensational bargain! Don't miss it — or you may be too late! You have always wanted a watch with these expensive features. Now you can have them AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD! This accurate, precision-made Window Calendar Chronograph is ideal for the members of our Armed Services, for sportsmen, doctors, photographers, engineers, technicians, executives, etc. And as for gifts . . . it's A PERFECT GIFT FOR EVERY OCCASION, such as Graduation, Birthday, Anniversary, Holiday, etc. SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail coupon below for 10-Day FREE TRIAL. Do it now, before supply is exhausted!

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Be sure to order this amazing Chronograph Stopwatch — Window Calendar Wrist-Watch WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS! Use it — and ENJOY IT—for 10 full days. If this wonderful combination timepiece isn't everything we say it is, return it for immediate refund of your purchase price. Don't take a chance on being disappointed . . . mail FREE-TRIAL Coupon NOW!

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